THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. I [illegible] Historical Society J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1928.

$1.50 per year in advance

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

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Dealers in Pianos, Phonographs, Radios.

2 good Organs. 1 used Piano—real bargain. Dundas Street, - Napanee. 49

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Robtin.

A number of companies to choose from. Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

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The Belleville Nurseries, 179 Dundas St. East, Belleville Ont.

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Fire. Accident. Auto. Life.

Frank Smith & Son

Oddfellows' Block

Successors to A. T. Turnbull

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DOXSEE & CO.

Christmas Greetings

At this season, we feel deeply grateful for the consideration you have so kindly extended to us in the past year, and take the occasion to wish you the old, but ever cheerful greeting—

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

The Leading Millinery House

Overcoat Bargains

See our boys' warm winter Overcoats at **$5.95, $7.95 and $9.95**

Men's and Young Men's Blue Overcoats at **$14.50, $17.50, $20. and $22**

Clearing out all our Colored Overcoats at **Money Saving Prices.**

50 Coats are offered at 1/3 less regular prices.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Newburgh, - Ont.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

FOR SALE—Three Stromberg-Carlson radios and one A. and B. eliminator. Apply to D. B. WILSON. 5-a

FOR SALE—Blundall piano (upright). This instrument is in perfect condition. Delivered to your house and tuned, $150. DON SCOTT. 3

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—Brick house, garage and three acres of land on highway, half mile west of Napanee. Apply J. R. SMITH, Phone 66. 48

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-1f

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

STORE AND STOCK, up-to-date merchandise for sale or exchange; some choice farms near town; Pool room, five tables, immediate possession, low rent; Several residences for sale, one good one to rent. Can give immediate possession. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 52

FOR SALE—A very choice farm, at reasonable price, fifty-seven acres about one mile south of the White church at Morven, known as the old Charles Kaylor farm. Good buildings, good wells and a never failing spring. Buildings front on road south of said church, and farm also borders on highway, with good lane opening on highway. All choice land. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister Napanee, Ont., or to MRS. JAMES CURRAN, Napanee, R. R. R. 4. 33-tf

FOR SALE—180 acre dairy farm part in Newburgh, townsite, bargain for quick sale; 90 acre farm close to Newburgh; Several good farms—Adolphustown, Forest Mills, Newburgh, Roblin, Bath, Odessa, Selby, Morven, Napanee, etc.; Store and stock goods, good opportunity, will exchange; some good residences for sale; Capt. Ward brick house for rent; 500 acre dairy farm close to Napanee, 5 minutes walk to church, High School, etc., Electric lights. Can carry 60 cows. Price $20,000. ¼ down, balance 10 years at 4%. JNO. WILSON. 2

NOMINATION MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the electors of the Township of Richmond will be held in the Town Hall, Selby, on MONDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1928 between the hours of twelve and one o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Reeve and four Councillors to represent the Township of Richmond in the Township Council for the year 1929.

If a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, then a poll will be opened in the usual polling sub-divisions in the Township on Monday, the seventh day of January, A.D., 1929, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, and no longer.

H. A. WOOD,
Returning Officer.

Dated at Selby this 17th day of December, 1928.

TREES AND MOISTURE.

One Million Leaves Give Off a Ton of Water.

An average size oak or elm bears each season approximately 5,000,000 leaves, according to scientists. Fetched together, these leaves would cover five acres, and they are continually giving off moisture—perspiring, you might say.

On a fairly hot dry day, for every one million leaves about a ton of water will be given off. Therefore, you can see what need trees have of water. Water, air and a few minerals that are in the ground—which minerals the tree imbibes, thinly diluted in its water—are what build a great tree.

And here is a thing to remember, for it is essential in knowing how to prune a tree: The roots of almost all trees extend as widely and as deeply as the branches and leaves; so have a certain amount of leaves and branches you must have a corresponding amount of roots to nourish them.

McGreer's Phone 226

Cash and Service Grocery

Dundas St. Napanee

Where Prices Tell And Quality Sells

Special Value TEAS and COFFEE

W. ROY McGREER

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

The influenza epidemic in Ontario is fortunately not of a severe type, but all the same it is as well to avoid even a touch of it. Go for from that touch worse evils often develop. One doctor says, "If you think you have been exposed to infection take a dose of castor oil at once." A glass of water in which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been dissolved, sipped slowly, or a cupful of hot water and soda taken the same way is a good disinfectant for your body and will help it to get rid of the germ. But above all things avoid crowds and hot, close rooms. Now that the boys and girls are at home and the schools closed for the holidays one danger is averted, if they are not gathered together again for Christmas parties. Why not give skating parties, or any kind of outdoor party? Invite the guests to come into your house for supper and a dance, their lungs will be filled with fresh air and they will be in much less danger. Then, too, people just coming down with flu or getting better will hardly care to go to a festivity, but details exercise in the open air. Eat good nourishing food, take plenty of baths and sleep with your windows open.

• • •

Isn't it delightful that the old-fashioned holiday parties are coming back and that the older folk and the girls and boys who are grown up, the school girls and boys, and even the little ones have been gathering together at the Christmas parties in the old way? We have been at such parties and found everyone much preferred them to a formal dinner with people much of an age, or a dance entirely for young folks, just like every other dance save for the Christmas decorations and favors. When there was a tree to be robbed so much the better. Then how we enjoyed the old games? "Didn't we have a great time last night?" said a man who has done and seen everything, after just such a party.

• • •

The young Duchess of York is a skilled knitter, being taught by her mother, the Countess of Strathmore, who is an accomplished needlewoman also. During the King's illness the royal family were much at home and the Duchess of York knitted a pair of heavy brown stockings for her husband, the Duke of York, as a present for his birthday, as he was thirty-three on December 14th. The Duke and Duchess gave Queen Mary a miniature painted on ivory of little baby daughter Princess Elizabeth. The little princess wears a merry smile, and a pink frilly frock. Around her neck are strings of coral beads given to her by her uncle, the Prince of Wales.

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The Women's Institutes have been seeing that everyone in their neighborhood had a good time at Christmas. The old folk in the House of Refuge and Old Folks' Home, the sick in the hospitals and the families nearer home who for one reason or another are kindly help. The bachelors living alone on farms were sent a basket of real home cooking, and were, in many cases asked to dinner with friends to take part in the family fun. Christmas is a real "get-together" time. Don't let us get apart between now and next December 25th.

• • •

At this time of year the Victorian Nurse wants all the help you can give her. She knows of the homes where mother and baby are short of many things you call necessities. Ring her up and tell her you will be glad to help. Then she will know where to go in an emergency.

• • •

Already we have read of pathetic drowning accidents caused by boys and girls skating on thin ice. In the towns and cities, and in most villages, we have rinks, open air ones we hope, for they are much better. Do get the young folk to stay away until the ice is really formed. Every Christmas is saddened by these sad accidents, just as every hot wave in the summer is the sign that people who cannot swim have been drowned in the effort to keep cool.

• • •

The old year is dying and soon we will have a new one on which to make a record. Some of us will enter it upon our knees in churches where we gather together to ask God to forgive us the sins and follies of 1928, and to help us to serve Him better in 1929. Others will go to sleep in the old year and awake in the new one, and still others will dance the old year out and the New Year in in the good old fashioned way. It is always a good thing to make resolutions to do better if you even try to keep them, and the church is a good place to do this. But New Year's is not a christian festival and those who dance the New Year in in innocent merriment are breaking no rule.

• • •

The winter birds that stay with us are glad of food especially in the ice snow and we heard the other day of a bird's Christmas tree that was made tempting in the following way. The chickadees, the downy woodpeckers, and nuthatches like suet, and a good way is to thread a strong cord through a fair sized piece of suet and tie it to a branch. Sunflower seeds have a good deal of oil in them and can be bought at a seed store. Put a shelf fastened to a tree where the branches will keep off the snow, the seeds can be scattered on it and the birds will enjoy it. Any kind of fir tree is best for the birds for they must have protection.

• • •

If your family does not like rich plum pudding try this carrot pudding for New Year's. 1¼ cups of flour, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup of chopped suet, half a cup of currants, 1 cup of grated carrot, 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful of soda, ½ cup of milk, 1 egg, ¼ pound of citron peel, ½ cup of almonds. Steam 3 hours in a mould.

SONG RECITAL

BY MARY DALY.

Assisted by Luella Hall Madden and Roy Kendall, Town Hall, Friday, Dec. 28th, 8.15 p.m. Don't miss this musical treat. Proceeds to be applied to our local nurse's salary. Tickets, 50c.

PROGRAMME.

Mountain Scenes.....Chas. Dennee
The Rainbow.
Forest Sounds.
A Burro Ride.
Luella Hall Madden.

My Lovely Celia.....Munro
Come Sweet Morning.....
.....Arranged by A. L. Or Chio non Seguo Pin....Rontani
Girometta .....Sibella
Mary Daly.

Du bist die Ruh.....Schubert
Widenang.....Schumann
L'Amour de Moi.....Olde French
Carnaval .....Fourdrain
Mary Daly.

Polonaise, C sharp Minor..Chopin
Roy Kendall.

None but the Lonely Heart.....
.....Tschaikowsky
The Sleigh.....Kountz
Floods of Spring.....Rachmaninoff
Mary Daly.

O Mistress Mine.....Roger Quilter
My Menagerie.....Fay Foster
Sage's Road Song.....Ivor Novella
Life.....Pearl Curran
Mary Daly.

YARKER.

A gloom was cast over the village on Thursday evening last, when announcement was made of the death of Mr. Miles Wilson. He had been in ill health for about nine months, but the end was not expected. He bore his suffering with great patience. His children were all home, his only son, Ray, arriving a few days before. In religion deceased was a Methodist, in politics a conservative. The many floral tributes showed the high esteem in which he was held. The funeral was largely attended on Sunday at the church. His pastor officiated and preached a powerful sermon to a very large audience. The choir sang beautifully, "When my Soul Reaches Home," and Mr. Knight and daughter sang "Will the Circle be Unbroken." Deceased leaves to mourn besides his wife, four children, Ray, of Montreal, Blanche, of Kingston, Mrs. Clinton Smith and Mrs. Charles Buck, of Yarker. The remains were laid to rest in Camden East cemetery.

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At this time of year the Victorian Nurse wants all the help you can give her. She knows of the homes where mother and baby are short of many things you call necessities. Ring her up and tell her you will be glad to help. Then she will know where to go in an emergency.

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NOMINATION MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Electors of the Town of Napanee will be held at the Town Hall, Napanee, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1928

between the hours of 7.30 and 8.30 o'clock in the evening.

For the purpose of nominating Candidates for Mayor, Reeve and six Councillors to represent the Town of Napanee in the Town Council for the year 1929.

Also for the purpose of nominating two candidates for the Board of Education for 1929.

Also nomination of one Member of the Utilities Commission.

In case a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, then a Poll will be opened at the undermentioned Polling Sub-Divisions within the Town of Napanee, on MONDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D., 1929, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon and no longer.

POLLING SUB-DIVISIONS.

Centre Ward No. 1, at Town Hall, J. M. Graham, D.R.O., Walter Metcalf, Poll Clerk.

Centre Ward No. 2, at Geo. Grieve's residence, E. J. Walters, D.R.O., Richard McNeill, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 1, Frank Kinkley's residence, Damon Garrison, D.R.O., Fred Thompson, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 2, Public Library, W. H. Roe, D.R.O., H. G. Smith, Poll Clerk.

East Ward, Geo. Switzer's store, R. S. Wales, D.R.O., Geo. H. Perry, Poll Clerk.

W. A. GRANGE,
Returning Officer.

Dated at Napanee, December 17, 1928.

Christmas

THE one day of the year that we forget our worldly cares, the one day that lives in our memories for months to come.

And if the sincere wish of The Napanee Express Printing House will add to your bliss, then here's wishing you and yours a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A PIECE OF PIE

Some of these modern diet delusionists are claiming that the habit of eating pie is a pernicious one. They would have it barred from the daily cuisine as a menace to health. A drastic movement such as this would be little short of a national calamity. There is no article of diet which appears in such infinite variety and enjoys such a widespread popularity as pie. It has an old-fashioned homey appeal to the hearts (or rather stomachs) of millions of devoted devourers who would rise in open rebellion at any attack on its character or reputation. It is an old reliable standby that has stood the test of time, the attacks of fenatics, and the forebodings of dyspetics. Its interior contents are many and varied, but all are generally good (except dried apple) although some kind have more allurement than others.

Vegetables, cereals, fruits berries, birds, fish, and wild and tame animals have all contributed to the many and mysterious compounds used in its interior upholstery. Millions of inventors are continually searching and experimenting for new ingredients and possibilities.

It can be obtained in the three standard and approved models of open-faced, closed and cross-barred—designs which have been approved by age and usage and are fittingly appropriate to certain species.

Pie can be eaten by people of all ages, of all races, of all colors. It is equally enjoyable hot, luke or cold, with or without music, waiters, lights, napery, table hardware or other impedimenta. It is good when eaten alone, or in company with cheese, sauce, sugar, milk, and any kind of cream—(whipped, calm or frozen). It is equally paramount in the laborer's dinner pail, the fly-specked beanery, the railway lunch counter, the choose-and-carry-cafeteria, or the sacred purlieus of the most shamelessly-expensive hyphenated hostelry. It can be eaten for all meals—breakfast, luncheon, dinner a midnight snack. (I happen to know an old grey-haired rascal that skirmishes around before breakfast Sunday mornings in hopes of discovering a piece left over from the previous meal). It is good at all hours, in all seasons, in all places, provided always that it be well and truly made. That is the main consideration. Beware of false shamelessness and base imitation, made from embalmed commercial mystery artfully concealed beneath layers of pallid linoleum that haunts its brazen and spurious effrontery on an innocent clientele.

And a true honest-to-goodness pie—full of richness and gooey goodness—fashioned by the skillful hands of a love-inspired genius (usually the mother of a large family) is a culinary poem in gastronomic allurement; a creation of palatable adornment and contentment that rounds out the felicity of any festal atmosphere.

Fashions may vary the length of skirts; governments may fall, or mining stocks pay dividends, but pie will always be in a boon to the young people in summer time. Mr. Paul was a member of Grace United Church and for many years superintendent of the Sunday School and member of the Official Board. He was also a member of Union Lodge, A.F. & A.M., Argyll Lodge, I.O.O.F. and Court Lennox C.O.O.F.

Besides his widow, he leaves a family of one son and three daughters, Mr. Grant Paul, Napanee, Mrs. Robt. Telfer, Humboldt, Sask., Mrs. Robt. Holland, Toronto, and Miss Muriel Paul, Hamilton. The funeral took place from his late residence on Sunday afternoon. A short family service was held at the home and public service in Grace United Church, under Masonic auspices.

Are you thinking about building? Let the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, help you. Write to the Farm Buildings Department.

Turns Christian.

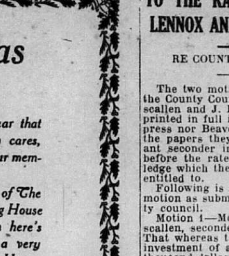
The Queen of Swaziland, the native protectorate in South Africa, has been converted to Christianity by the missionaries, but as he has eighty wives, it is not easy for him to become a Christian. In Swaziland the queen is always the king's mother.

The Orange's Ancestor.

Scientists declare that the orange was formerly a berry, and that it has been developing for over 7,000 years.

COMING :-: EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Sunday School Room of Trinity United Church, under the direction of Victorian Order of Nurses. 5-1f



Albert Edward Paul, a well-known resident of the east end of the town passed away on Thursday evening, after an illness of several months. During the construction of the highway, Mr. Paul was forced to vacate his residence and went to Hamilton, returning a couple of weeks ago.

The late Mr. Paul was for many years one of Napanee's progressive citizens. For a number of years he carried on a book and stationery business and later was a partner of Dr. E. Ming in the undertaking business, retiring a few years ago. Mr. Paul had also been Division Court Clerk for several years. He was a member of the Board of Education for some years and a member of the Town Council as councillor and reeve. During his term in the council he was responsible for the improvement of the eastern entrance to the town by the construction of the park alongside the river which has been named the Edward Paul park. Mr. Paul also presented to the town the land occupied by the Memorial Arena, which are a boon to the young people in summer time. Mr. Paul was a member of Grace United Church and for many years superintendent of the Sunday School and member of the Official Board. He was also a member of Union Lodge, A.F. & A.M., Argyll Lodge, I.O.O.F. and Court Lennox C.O.O.F.

Besides his widow, he leaves a family of one son and three daughters, Mr. Grant Paul, Napanee, Mrs. Robt. Telfer, Humboldt, Sask., Mrs. Robt. Holland, Toronto, and Miss Muriel Paul, Hamilton. The funeral took place from his late residence on Sunday afternoon. A short family service was held at the home and public service in Grace United Church, under Masonic auspices.

ODESSA.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the home of Mrs. George Lucas, Sr., on Friday last, Dec. 14th, when a number of her relatives and friends arranged to have a birthday tea with her, as she has been the custom for a number of years. The occasion was her ninety-third birthday anniversary. A very delicious supper was served and many gifts were received. Mrs. Lucas is a wonderful woman for her advanced years, still retaining all her faculties and enjoys the up-to-date events as in former years. All wished her many more birthday anniversaries.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper and daughter, Bessie, Centreville are visiting Mrs. Cooper's father, John O'Neil.

W. H. Turnham has left his farm and taken a residence on York street Kingston. Mrs. Turnham will be greatly missed by a large number of friends. His fine tenor voice and his willingness to use it in vocal selection at the entertainments, made him very popular.

A wedding of much interest to Odessa people was recently solemnized in Kingston, when Miss Margaret O'Neil, daughter of Mr. John O'Neil and the late Mrs. O'Neil and Mr. Lloyd Moore of Switzerville, were united in marriage. The happy couple left the same day to visit the bride's sister, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Detroit. On their return they will reside in Switzerville, where the groom is a prosperous farmer. Their many friends wish them many years of happiness.

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

RE COUNTY MINUTES.

The two motions submitted to the County Council by A. B. Carscallen and J. E. Judge were not printed in full in neither the Express nor Beaver. As printed in the papers they place the mover and seconder in a false position before the ratepayers of knowledge which they pay for and are entitled to.

Following is a true copy of the motion as submitted to the county council.

Motion 1—Moved by A. B. Carscallen, seconded by J. E. Judge, That whereas this county has an investment of about twenty-nine thousand dollars in road machinery and spent on road construction and maintenance one hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars in 1927, and two hundred and seventy thousand dollars in 1928, and whereas over fifty thousand dollars was paid out in 1928 to outside contractors for base course work which could have been done under proper superintendency by county machinery more economically and the money spent in the county to the advantage of the resident ratepayers.

Whereas, there has been in the years 1927 and 1928 a large expenditure over the original estimates, presented to the County Council by the special roads committee. The special roads committee are elected annually and are not supposed to be experts in road building or estimating cost of same.

Whereas, the County pays an engineer for expert advice to the special road committee and to superintend the construction of roads and see that the work is done efficiently and economically.

We are of the opinion that during the past number of years, that due to lack of expert judicious advice and inefficient superintendency of road construction by the resident road engineer that the special roads committee have been labouring under a handicap in their efforts to give value to the ratepayers for the vast amount of money spent on road construction.

Therefore, be it resolved that the resident road engineer of this county be asked for his resignation to take effect December 31, 1928, and that it be placed in the hands of the Warden in time to be acted upon at the present session of the County Council, and further that the warden and clerk be a committee to advertise for tenders from qualified engineers, said tenders to be submitted at the 1929 January session of the County Council, or in the alternative, that the County Council do forthwith, after receiving the resignation of the present Engineer as hereinbefore mentioned, proceed to the appointments of a properly qualified road engineer.

Yeas—A. B. Carscallen, Aylesworth, Andrew Miller, Frank Smith.

Nays—R. J. Campbell, G. A. Aylesworth, F. S. Boyes, J. M. Loyst, Chas. Both, J. S. Johnston, J. W. Clark, R. J. Cousins, Allen Hutchins, A. C. Dunnon.

Motion 2—Moved by A. B. Carscallen, seconded by J. E. Judge,

Whereas owing to the excessive cost of the county roads being a burden to the ratepayers, it is expedient to cut off all unnecessary expenses where it can be done without impairing efficiency. And whereas, under our present system we elect annually a road committee consisting of five, although the Highways Department recommends three.

And whereas, in conformity with the suggestion of the said highways department and to effect a saving of two-fifths of the said committee, and believing that five is a burdensome committee, and believing that three can do the work just as efficiently and much more speedily, and thus effect a further saving to the county.

Therefore, be it resolved, that the clerk do draw a by-law to be submitted at the January session fixing the number of the special roads committee at three members, said committee to consist of the sitting warden, who shall be chairman, and the other two members of said committee shall not be members of County Council, but shall be elected as follows, namely:—

Representative resident ratepayer from the south to be elected for a term of two years.

Representative resident ratepayer from the north to be elected for a term of three years, and further that the remuneration of the members of the said road committee as thus constituted shall be $5.00 per day for said sitting and mileage to Napanee from the place of residence of each member of the committee respectively. Other matters to be taken care of by the motor car furnished for the use of the Engineer.

Yeas—A. B. Carscallen, J. E. Judge, A. C. Tummon, Chas. Both, Nays—R. J. Campbell, G. A. Aylesworth, F. S. Boyes, C. Miller, Frank Smith, G. M. Loyst, J. S. Johnston, J. W. Clark, R. J. Cousins, Allen Hutchins, J. B. Elliott.

It is your privilege and duty as ratepayers to demand a public statement from your representative as to the stand he will take on these questions, which are of vital interest to every ratepayer in the county.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Litt.D.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

REVIEW: PAUL THE WORLD CHRISTIAN.

December 30, 1928.

Golden Text—For me to live is Christ. (Phil. 1:21).

In reviewing the quarter's lessons, in addition to the topic suggested as the title of the review the Lesson Committee suggests additional topics, for different grades, as follows: "The Secret of Paul's Greatness," and "The Life and Achievements of Paul." Let us look for light on all three topics as we run through the lessons.

The Golden Text shows why Paul was necessarily a "world Christian." Christ was his life. Christ is interested in the whole world, loves the whole world, died to save the world. How can anyone whose life is Christ be anything but a world Christian? Every normal Christian must be interested in all those whom Christ died to save. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15) was His last commission. Paul took the Lord at His word and obeyed. Any Christian who is not a world Christian is a disobedient Christian.

Let us remember, also, that the Golden Text describes not only Paul but every real Christian; every one who is born again by faith in Christ. The only true life that any one can have is Christ. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5:12). So the secret of Paul's greatness, was Christ, and only Christ. The secret of his life and achievements was Christ.

1. Paul in Ephesus. (Acts 19:1-41; Ephesians 4:11-16.) Paul's preaching turned people away from false Gods and injured anti-Christian business. So it does lives and our words turn people away from the wrong and to the right?

2. Spiritual Gifts. (1 Corinthians 12 to 14.)—Paul always put first things first, and above even miracles and other gifts he put love. For God is greater than any of His gifts, and God is love. No matter what our talents may be, do people think more of our love than anything else we have? Love was a secret of Paul's greatness.

3. Christian Stewardship. (2 Corinthians 8:1 to 9:15. Paul did not let people think of giving did not let people think of giving as a duty, but as a privilege. He showed that liberal giving does not depend on what we have, but on the spirit in which we give. He was one of the greatest givers that ever lived.

4. Paul's Last Journey to Jerusalem. (Acts 20:1 to 21:17; 2 Corinthians 11:28.) In utter disregard of his own safety Paul pressed on to the city that was the most dangerous place for him in the world. He was great because he was absolutely self-forgetful.

5. World's Temperance Sunday. (Romans 13:1-14). Temperance means self-control. That was under secret of Paul's greatness. The normal Christian life is self-controlled by Christ's control of self. Drunkenness and other sins are impossible while Christ controls the life.

6. Peace and Good-Will Among Men. (Romans 12:1-21). Here is God's call to present our bodies a living sacrifice to Him. Paul had made this act a secret of his life and achievements. Every life given wholly to God is bound to be a success, for God cannot fail. And every such life will bring peace and good-will to its fellows.

7. Paul's Experiences in Jerusalem. Acts 21:15 to 23:35.) He defended himself by telling, in great detail, the story of his conversion. Paul was saved, and he knew he was saved, and he knew when he was saved. His definite knowledge of his salvation was a secret of Paul's greatness. We should be as sure of our own as Paul was of his.

8. The Prayers of Paul. Acts 20:36-38; Romans 1:1; 8:10-15; Ephesians 1:15-23, 3:14-21; 1 Thessalonians 1:2-5.) Because Christ was Paul's life, Paul's was a life of prayer. Christ "ever liveth to make intercesson" (Heb. 7:25). And Paul knew what it meant to "pray without ceasing" (1 Thess. 5:17.) His prayer life was a secret of his greatness, and his greatest achievement were by prayer.

9. Paul Before His Judges. Acts 24:1 to 26:32.) Because Paul's real Judge was his Saviour and Lord, he had nothing to fear when he faced earthly judges His experiences before Governors and King established the Lord's promise to His disciples when He said they would be "brought before Kings and governors for My name's sake." He told them not to try to think beforehand what they would say, "For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." (Luke 21:12-15).

10. Paul Goes to Rome. (Acts 27-1 to 28-31; Romans 1:8-15; Philippians 1:12-14). The most deeply spiritual man on board that storm-wrecked and doomed ship, lost in the Mediterranean, was also the most thoroughly practical man. If his advice early in the voyage had been taken, the wreck might have been avoided. His later advice, relayed by him from Heaven, saved every life on board when the ship went down. The Holy Spirit is always practical, and the was a secret of Paul's greatness and achievement.

Paul and His Friends. (Acts 20:36-38; Romans 16:1-4; Philippians 2:25-30; Phlemon.) Few, if any, other men in Paul's generation, had such friends. When the Friend of sinners is a man's literal life, that man will make many friends. And he himself will be a friend to others at all times. Friendship was a secret of Paul's greatness.

12. Paul's Last Message. (2 Timothy 4:1-18.) Paul believed in the Second Coming of Christ. He brought it prominently and repeatedly into his inspired Epistles. He named it as the great motive in the Christian life, in the last chapter of the last Letter he wrote. And he knew he was not to live until the Lord's return, or he told young Timothy, the time of my departure is at hand." Three final secrets of Paul's greatness and achievements are given in this chapter: fighting by Christian power; holding fast to commissioned course until it was carried through; keeping the faith to the end. Is there any reason why the knew he was not? Paul's success should not characterize our own lives?

Saving an Industry.

New hope for the weaving industry in Lancashire is based on he immediate introduction of the automatic loom, the invention of an Englishman, Mr. S. Jackson. Hitherto its use has been restricted to the United States.

The principle of the automatic loom is somewhat similar to that of the rifle magazine, the cartridges in which are lifted automatically into the breech, and after the breech of the loom as the preceding bobbin and shuttle are ejected by exhaustion.

The operation of weaving is thus made continuous, and the consequent saving of labor is such that one weaver can attend to from twenty-four looms compared with four, the usual number looked after by one weaver in Lancashire.

Fifteen-Mile Water Tunnel.

Night and day, engineers, excavators, and blasters are at work constructing a fifteen-mile water tunnel through a corner of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Britain, and under the Grampians in Inverness-shire. The object is to utilize the loch as a great reservoir for collecting the water on the mountains, and harnessing it for power in the aluminium works in Fort William.

The undertaking is one of the most important in Great Britain, and the expenditure will probably not be less than £5,000,000. Its productive capacity when electric power is estimated at 650 million units a year.

British Ships.

Great Britain owns half the ocean-going ships of the world.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.

WHAT He LIKES.

Bark of Aspen Favorite Food of Beaver.

That the aspen is the favorite food tree of the beaver seems to be the case everywhere throughout its range, even when there are other delicious trees available, such as birch and maple, says a bulletin recently issued by the New York College of Forestry.

Beavers will eat other food than aspen bark if they are obliged to, and often do so from choice, especially in autumn. No doubt they are glad of a change in diet. Even in summer, however, they consume much aspen, and even when using other plants. This seems to show that they really prefer aspen.

Aspen bark is evidently the staple and perhaps the exclusive food of the beaver in winter here, though some willow may be used. On Sept. 4, 1921, aspen boughs were found stored in a pond at the Elk Creek Beaver Colony, the only winter food storage noted up to that date during the two seasons' study. It is very unlikely that any conifers are stored in ponds for winter use. Aspen boughs and sprouts are a common summer food also in the Yancey region; sprouts or seedlings a foot or two high were frequently found cut, the leaves and tender wood as well as the bark, apparently being eaten.

While preferring well-drained soil the aspen comes in ahead of other trees along streams and moist runs, harmonizing with the beaver's adaptation to a water environment. Under normal wilderness conditions, where the predatory mammals are not unduly restricted, the beaver cannot safely harvest trees beyond one or two hundred feet from its home pond or stream. The destruction of its chief food tree is limited to that extent, and as aspen reproduces itself readily by sprouting, the new crop starts at once and grows relatively fast.

Where aspen trees are now scarce the beavers are using the bark of conifers, particularly Douglas fir.

"JACKO" AT LONDON ZOO.

First Ape of His Kind to Arrive There.

A Gibraltar Rock ape has recently arrived at the London Zoo, having made the journey from Gibraltar on board the Fleet Auxiliary Bacchus.

For many years the people of his native place have been trying to catch the young rascal, but they have only just succeeded, and then it was a smaller monkey which did the trick!

Jacko was out after an early breakfast, and some gunners had prepared a trap for him. It had been there for some time, but never before had this knowing ape followed the trail of nuts which led to the cage—and when he did the gunner on duty was asleep!

A small monkey was accompanying Jacko, and this, the little accomplice unwittingly led the way into the trap, followed by his big friend. Once there the little monkey scampered out through the bars and the door slammed. Jacko was caught.

But the large grey ape which has come to live in London had his full share of fun while he was there. He was the leader of the tribe (there are only a few left in Gibraltar, for they have had to be shot owing to their mischievous habits), and he was certainly a very bad example.

One day Jacko broke into an officer's wife's bedroom and played havoc with her dressing-table, finally making off with a mirror. Another time he caught a boy by the ear and tried to drag him up a rock. The residents are not sorry that he is safe in England.

Jacko is the first ape of his kind to be taken to the London Zoo. He is seven years old and stands over three feet. His lovely grey coat and big, intelligent eyes make him an attractive ape. Carrots, nuts, and fruit are his diet, and so far he has eaten them with relish in spite of his captivity.

Great Britain's Forests.

The total woodland area of Great Britain is 2,958,672 acres, according to the Forestry Commission report. There are, in England, 195,231 acres of conifers, 338,440 acres of hardwoods, and 202,290 acres of mixed conifers and hardwoods.

The total area of high forest is given as 1,476,890 acres or 47.9 per cent. of the total woodland.

Minerals from Yukon.

During 1928, silver and lead representing a value of $2,000,000 and gold $750,000, were shipped out of the Yukon.

In the Shadow of the Bell Memorial

The presentation to Lord Willingdon at Brantford the other day of a model of Bell's first telephone together with the latest cradle type instrument emphasizes the great contribution that Dr. Bell made to the art of electrical communication. It serves also to remind us that Dr. Bell was the first to project sound waves by beams of light. To-day, the Old and New Worlds talk to one another by means of the transatlantic telephone. Carried by electric waves first predicted by Maxwell, an Englishman, and experimentally verified by Hertz, a German, speech travels the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean in one-sixtieth of a second. These electric waves, commonly known as radio waves, were not understood by relatively few scientists in 1876 when the telephone was invented. Of course, light waves were known. Using these light waves, Alexander Graham Bell was the first to devise a wireless telephone. Note (at the right) an old picture of Bell's experiment with light waves.

OUR PREMIER INDUSTRY

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH APPLIED TO AGRICULTURE.

Will Play a Big Part In the Development of the Future of Canada—Government to Establish a National Research Laboratory.

It has been striking to note of late the stimulated interest in scientific research as applied to agriculture in Canada, says Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada. As the Dominion's premier industry and first source of revenue, farming is maintained at the highest possible standard by every means devisable, and the value of scientific research in swelling national revenue from this source as well as securing greater profits for individual farmers' efforts has long been appreciated.

To-day its full is being enlisted on an ever-increasing and widening scale. This thought is prompted by the announcement that in response to an invitation from the Imperial Agricultural Research Conference in London, Canada has decided to share in the maintenance of three research bureaux to be established in Great Britain for the furtherance of agricultural research with particular attention to soil science, animal nutrition, and animal health. These bureaux will cost altogether about $100,000 per year, the charge to be spedited through the clouds by airplanes. Between Quebec, Montreal, New York, Ottawa, and Toronto, in the east and Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, and Edmonton in the west, airplanes have been in daily use carrying air mail and express matter and many belated shippers have been able to have their presents delivered before Christmas by using the air express service.

So far—and yet so near!

"I must call John by Long Distance and let him know I got here all right. Then neither of us will be worrying. It's wonderful to be able to visit you like this, and yet keep as close touch with home as if I were there. What must it have been like in the old days, before Long Distance made it possible?"

"I'll place the call for you while you are taking off your wraps."

"That will be fine. Just ask for our number, 194, so I'll get the cheaper Station-to-Station rate. In a couple of days I'll call up again, in the evening, so I can have a few words with the children, too. The Evening Rate after 8.30 is really very low."

"Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station."

711

AUTOMATIC COCKTAIL SHAKER.

So Uncannily Precise That It Refuses to Serve Drinks After Time.

A British electrical firm is manufacturing an automatic cocktail shaker which is so uncannily precise that it refuses to serve drinks after time.

The inventor, the Vicomte de Maudult, who has been experimenting for several years on the machine, described it to the writer.

"It is so simple that nothing can go wrong with it," he said. "All you do is to put your money in the slot, press a button, wait a few seconds for the automatic mixed to function, press another button, and out comes the cocktail in the glass you are holding. Everything is automatic, and any kind of cocktail can be produced, according to the size of the machine.

"When you press the button after putting your money in, the various kinds of liquids required for the cocktail are sucked up into the mixer in their exact proportions.

"The moment after the button also lets into operation a time-switch connected to a lamp. It also closes the inlet or outlet for the coin slot, so that no more money can be put in until your cocktail is served.

"The time-switch is adjusted to the number seconds—usually five—required for the proper mixing of the cocktail. At the end of this period of five seconds the lamp glows, you press the second button, which operates a valve in the mixer, and the cocktail mixture automatically pours itself out. The opening of the second button reopens the coin slot for another customer.

"If it is preferred a buzzer can be connected with the time-switch instead of the lamp.

"These machines will be available for hotels and, will be sold complete with a clock-work arrangement to open and close them according to the licensing hours. The clock is connected to the coin slot and automatically opens it at the correct hour. The machine will be so fixed that it will deal with the altered Sunday hours."

PARKS FOR ANIMALS.

There Are a Large Number of These Places In the World.

We hear much about parks and "lungs" for cities and men, but little about such parks for animals. Yet they exist. Puffin Island, off the coast of Anglesey, is a "park" sacred to wild rabbits. Hawkesmoor, near Cheadle, Staffordshire, there is another natural "park" of 200 acres for birds.

A "park" for birds at Ealing, to be adapted from a large house with grounds, and to cost some $25,000, was proposed by the Selborne Society as a memorial to the late W. H. Hudson.

Nestling in the Gulf of St. Lawrence is the beautifully wooded, mountainous island of Anticosti. The 2,000 square miles of this property is one giant fish and game "park."

In most of the immense national parks of Canada, the United States, and other lands, the authorities have wisely enclosed smaller "parks" in which wild animals are saved from extinction.

The new $200,000 open-air Zoo being formed near Tring will be one of the most wonderful animal "parks" in the world. On the 400 acres British birds, British wild animals, and eventually a whole geological collection will roam in enormous enclosures, big, really guarded by deep ditches. Similarly-arranged animal "parks" are being established at Edinburgh (forty acres) and Brighton (twenty).

Fabulous Sunken Treasure.

Somewhere off Cape Henlopen, Delaware, lies the wrecked, British privateer Brake, and her vast treasure, just where she foundered in 1798.

According to history, the Brake had captured a Spanish merchantman from which she took gold and silver church plate, many jewelled chalices and several chests containing bars of beaten gold. She then scuttled the Spanish ship and overhauled a French vessel, from which she seized ten iron chests packed with gold ingots and coins. Later the Brake was caught in a violent storm off Cape Henlopen and went to the bottom. Some years ago an expedition was sent out by the Navy Department to locate and salvage the treasure, but it met with no success.

Here and There

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Quebec city's new grain elevator will be completed in January, it is now thought. All that remains to be done to the 2,000,000 bushel structure is to complete the three galleries and the marine tower.

A Chicago Holstein breeder has made a special offer to R. H. Thompson of Thompson Farm, Bohara, Saskatchewan, for his world champion Holstein cow, Canary Korndyke Alcartra, but representations fell being made to the Provincial Government to have this famous animal retained in the province.

"You don't have to sell the idea of game protection and conservation to sportsmen," said James W. Stuber, well known sporting writer who attended the recent banquet in Montreal of the Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. "The problem is to convince the settler and guide in the backwoods that a surplus of game for the attention of the hunter means money in their pockets and a source of revenue to many classes in the community."

The Santa Claus team of fairy reindeer must be having an exciting time these days in keeping pace with modern delivery methods, for Christmas presents shipped by Canadian Pacific Express are being

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PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Toothache Not Modern Ill.

Teeth have apparently always been more or less a trouble to the human race from the cradle to the grave. The ancient Egyptians of the time of Pharaoh had pyorrhoea.

The Incas of Peru, possibly running back as far as the Egyptians of the Pharaohs, also had pyorrhea. Before the Egyptians there is no record except a skull and a few bones here and there.

According to Moodie, in his "Antiquities of Medicine," pyorrhea began to concern man ages before man began to build pyramids. The disease is now, as it has been for ages, the principal cause of loss of teeth in middle aged and old people.

Natives Frightened by Doll.

A letter from Kenya tells of the curious effect of a doll with moving eyes. When it was shown to a native chief he thought it supernatural. On being convinced, after some time, that it was mechanics and not magic that moved the eyes, he asked the loan of it to act for the benefit of his wives who had fled to her on native village. He explained that if he took it then all the men would flee and thus he could secure his wife. He proved as successful in his prophecy as in his quest.

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VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES

BY HERBERT QUICK

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"I wish to explain," said Theodore "that I—I can't pay the charges on the

"I'VE SETTLED THE CASE OF CARSON VERSUS THE SLATTERY INSTITUTE."

motors; I can't get them down to the beach. So how can we accept Mr Waddy's offer?"

"God, cunnel," exclaimed Craighead, "I'm glad you told me in private instead of disclosing our impecunious ness to his Waddiness. But have no fear. You carry Caesar and his fortunes. I have the fund for the motors."

Craighead drew from his pocket a roll of bills, the outer one of rather startling magnitude.

"Fees," said Craighead—"damages, actual and exemplary. I've settled the case of Carson versus the Slattery institute. Fair sir, we have a swollen fortune."

"What do you mean?" asked Carson.

"I mean," said Craighead, "that this roll of tainted money is our loot of the emporium. Wit well that I soaked 'em plenty."

"But I can't allow this!" cried Theodore.

"It's already allowed," answered Craighead, with an air of perfect innocence. "Come, callow sir, we can't begin now the ruinous policy of scrutinizing the sources of our supplies. We can endow a college later, and that—What you doing?"

Carson was cramming the bills into his pocket.

"Going back to Mr. Waddy," said he. "Come on."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Craighead, his hand to his forelock. "But I warne you, captine, that there's breakers dead ahead and on both bows and that Craighead's the only pilot as knows these waters. But here's with you. If it's to Davy Jones!"

"Mr. Waddy," said Theodore, walking up to him and looking him in the face, "before accepting your offer I must make sure that I can fulfill my part of it. I must install the motors in the aeronef. There are some financial arrangements to be made. It may be some weeks'—"

"I'll let you have what money you need," said Mr Waddy. "I know how it gen'ly is with these here geniuses."

Theodore grasped the old man's hands, his face flushed with joy.

"I accept your advances with pleasure," said he, "and within sixty days I shall be here with the neronef."

"As certain," said Craighead, "as the world turns over sixty times on its shafting. Got your order, Mr. Waddy?"

They took their departure.

After retiring they lay awake, exchanging remarks and suggestions across the dark room.

"Oh, about that money?" said Carson. "I must return it to Dr. Witherspoon, Craighead. You won't misunderstand me, will you?"

"Not in the least," replied Craighead sleepily. "Ingrowing conscience and all that rot. Bet over it as you get richer, you know. I would fain dream of Caroline."

CHAPTER IX.

THE INCEPTION OF "UNCLE THEODORE."

THEODORE'S mind, habituated to the airy ease of an unuttered faith in his mastership of the air, felt the galling of reality as he walked westward from the station toward dilapidated Carson's Landing.

Seated on a stump, he sought mental adjustment before entering his house.

He had had his chance with Shayne. "the prince of the powers of the air," and had thrown it away in hot words to Shayne, in a blow to Silberberg and by leaping from the Roc into the unknown abyss of night. These were actualities. The broken deflector of the parachute he carried proved that, as did the memory of his foolishness over Shayne's niece, now happily forever past.

Waddy's money and Mr. Craighead's telegrams saved the day.

The first three yellow dispatches had come in one delivery at Nashville, addressed to "Theodore Carson, the illustrious inventor and Thaumaturge Care Conductor, Train 75." Theodore, the illustrious, could not accumulate the courage to ask for them, but the wise conductor had pounced suddenly upon him and said: "I reckon you're Mr. Carson?"

"Yield not to temptation, fear or cold feet," the first read. "Your Uncle Fuller is at the helm." This was signed "The Great Uncelled," with the first two words run together as "Thegreat" in a telegraph operator's effort to reduce to the semblance of a name Mr Craighead's nom de guerre. The second ran: "Have no fear. Monopoly is as clear in the air as on the land. Apologies to Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Nome to any one else in a dern sight. Conspuez Shayne." The was signed "Craighead, the Legal Bloodhound." "An old broom," ran the more mysterious next, "albeit minus one cover and dog's eared, nevertheless sweeps clean. He pokes the whirligig to our car and sweeps the bowling skies!" (Signed) "Dandy Jim of Caroline Gray hill." The fourth, delivered at Birmingham, was addressed to General Theodore Carson, M. A. ("Monopolist of the Air"), and consisted of ten repetitions of "Eureka," signed "D. J of C."

The last came at Bay Minette and was too astonishing to be explained on any theory consistent with Craighead's sobriety and sanity. "Caroline's dad," it read, "falls dead at unveiling of Broom idea. Sees absolute cinch and rises to it as per lifelong custom. Formed today Universal Nitrates and Air Products company. Laws of West Virginia. You come in for 25 per cent. Caroline impressed. Either universal genius or redeunt in campanile. Great ly encouraged, not to say titivated. Almost converted to belief in my own schemes and self, but am cautiously suspending judgment. Will have Chicago surrender time you return. Go east to Wheeling or is Charleston capital? tonight and will incidentally run up and construct first line of air cunnavation new cyclopedia about Greater New York. Monopoly end of deal absolutely nailed down; brass nails, with Waddy doubloons coming copious. Up to you to produce flier. Getting wabbly in head. Losing faith in you as concrete entity. Have you any aeronef? Answer 'Yes' or 'No' at once." This also was signed "D. J. of Caroline."

What could be mean by an "an old Broom?" The old copy of Broom's Legal Maxims in Craighead's "library" was indeed minus a cover and dog's eared, but this "Broom" could, even in metaphor, yoke the whirligig to any car and sweep the bowling skies Carson could not guess. Mr. Waddy's demand for aeronautical monopoly was being complied with, to Mr. Craighead's mind, and the last telegram seemed to imply that the bucolic financier had been convinced. His "falling dead" might mean much or little, but his "doubloons coming copious" was eloquent of faith. And what in the name of all the gods at once could a "Universal Nitrates and Air Products company" mean save a aerial navigation deal or those mysterious expressions about "surrounding" Chicago and Greater New York?

Well, Aunt Chloe was in there, shuffling about, wondering what to get her to bed, and here he was, looking on spectrally and unsuspected. With the common human impulse to secret approach, Theodore stood on, concealed between the Spanish bayonets and a somber line of red cedars, climbed the end of the veranda, scuttled into the broad hall and up to his room, into which he stepped quietly, seething a little harder. He opened the closet for a change of clothes and started back in wonderment quite as paralyzing as horror, for his clothes were gone. Instead there sat a steamer trunk with its lid back, its open tray full of silken hosiery, corsets, laces, gloves, handkerchiefs and openwork things of mystery and terror. On the books were many, many others quite as awful, frilled and tucked and ruffled and plaited garments, silks, dimities, cashmeres, linens, cottons and soft light woolens, filling his closet and spread against the wall for occult reasons connected with keeping them in shape, and protruding from the trunk were more clothes, while in corners of the bedroom were more trunks.

A light step sounded, and he froze to a statue of panic and trance and paralysis. Some one entered. His heart bounded and then stood still, for it was Psyche of the dunes, Shayne's niece, Virginia, entering jauntily, maddeningly, like a real woman taking possession of his bedroom as her own! She had a little inscrutably derived smile on her lips, held in her hands a spray of huckleberry blooms, which she put to her nostrils and then stuck in a vase by the old mirror.

"Psyche!" he stammered.

With a little scream she darted toward the door, recognized him as he emerged from the closet, noted his paleness, turned back, her hand on her breast and a quick palpitation in the "V" of her gown like the heart of a snared robin. Yet she was the least excited of the twain. Her abhorrence with her re-emphasized.

"My robber," said she in a dull whisper. "Oh! I'm so glad"

"Psyche," said he, "when you say you are glad"—

"Oh, I'm so glad you aren't dashed to pieces!" she cried. "I've seen you falling, falling, falling, in my dreams and never slightingly! But evidently you did!"

"Yes," said he, "quite safe. But how came you here?"

"Oh, I live nere," said she. "But how did you know? Or did you just happen? Shall I hide you? I'll never betray you, never, no matter what they say you've done!"

"You—belong—here?" repeated Theodore wonderingly. "Here? You—you live here?"

"Yes," said she hurriedly—"with my uncle. I couldn't endure the Shaynes and Silberbergs any longer. Why, the way they did just drives people to crime! And if you did anything it was in open war with the officers and not by stealth as the Shaynes and Silberbergs do. I told them so to their teeth—only you ought to reform and all that, you know. And I couldn't bear Aunt Marie any more," here the voice trembled, "though everybody will say I'm ungrateful and all that. And General Carson's family are all my relatives in the world, except the Shaynes. And this is their plantation—my uncle that I never saw lives here—and, I come to him. I hope he won't hate me. I'd rather not have to ask him to shelter a robber the very first thing, and so I hope you aren't pursued. But if you are I'll hide you before I'll see you caught. There!"

Mr. Carson reeled back against the wall, drew his hands across his eyes and looked again. She seemed to be there still, rather nearer than before, hands clasped in adorable anxiety, divinest pity in her eyes.

"Of course it's a shock," said Miss Suarez, "to find you"—

"I am sorry," said Theodore, "to have shocked you by being visible. I"—

"Oh, now," said Miss Suarez. "Try to supply ellipses — and — and those things. I meant to find you at"—

"So incapable of—so lacking in the qualities of—of—of"—

"You're gradually getting closer to it," commented Virginia. "Our danger, where there is nobody hanging about to sort of mitigate—no, not that—to—"

"To absorb and diffuse the 'shock,'" suggested the engineer

"The very word," said she "Why, uncle, you're clever—once in awhile"—

"Thank you, Miss Virginia. I"—

"Don't interrupt, please. Our danger here is the wilderness is that of not catching the shades of expression. The nuances one has to have ground into one's system with regard to one's friends—if nuances can be ground into anything—and that we'll misunderstand and fight and pull hair needlessly—doesn't that cover the case?"

"I don't think it does quite. But you were saying I lack some quality I please go on."

"The quality of unclehood," said she. "You don't create the role. I suppose my image of a charming young robber, for you're not bad looking, uncle you know"

Theodore blushed.

"Piracy and jeggism and those things are incompatible with one's only surviving live live-with-able uncle," said Virginia

"In 'The Babes in the Wood,' " said Theodore, "the uncle was quite that sort"

"The odd thing with us—I like living with you immensely—is that you seem

a babe in the woods more than an uncle, and I the other."

"What I wish you to understand is how honored I am to be your guardian, even though I don't deserve it."

"Oh, but you do!" said she. "And there's the Carson blood, isn't there?"

"There's the Carson blood," assented Theodore unenstly, "and the trust that blood alone couldn't confer."

"And the relationship must stand in the place of years," said Virginia, "for I can't go back to the Shaynes. I'm afraid they'll find me and make me"—

"You shall not go back!" said Theodore. "Never"

"My, my!" said Virginia. "How hero-ic, uncle! And now let's go fish ing."

Yes, Theodore did fallen. Fleeing the best bedroom in which Aunt Chloe had established Miss Suarez, he had answered his launch for flight, but now, returning, had demanded of Chloe a explanation of the incomprehensible

"MY ROBBER," SAID SHE IN A HALF WHISPER.

mystery of the presence, under a state used that she lived there, of Shayne's niece.

"She's come to live with we all," said Aunt Chloe. "She's kin o' own."

Theodore gasped

"There must be some mistake," said he. "How can she be related to me, Chloe?"

"Wy, yo' some kine o' uncle to huh," replied Chloe. "Huh mouhah was a daughtah to ole Gin'ral Carson. She married Lee Suarez and died. Miss Ginnie knowed about us, an' when huh aunt throwed huh off'n the ainship foh stahtin' up foh you she come byah, ez she had a right to, suh."

"But she didn't know I was here?" Theodore suggested.

"Oh, law, no," replied Aunt Chloe "She don't know yo' Mistah Carson yit onless yo' tole huh."

"But, Aunt Chloe, we aren't any kin to old General Carson, are we? And I'm no uncle to this young lady, am I?"

Aunt Chloe was indignant.

"Hev Ah been wuckin' foh po' whites all these yeahs?" said she. "Yo' also as clus as uncle. Yo' paw knowed he was a Cahson."

"What have you told her about this relationship?" said Theodore.

"She knowed all erbout it."

"Did she know how father—how nobody thinks we are any kin to the general and"—

"Who you mean by nobody?" queried Chloe. "Ah reckon we some kin o' ou' name wouldn't be Cahson, would it? Ah tuk huh in as a Cahson. If you tink huh in yo' shuns an' squeech ed huh teahs I reckon you wouldn't be bringin' up these heavy arguments."

Uncle Theodore was stately, ceremonious and, with due allowance for saucy blushes when Miss Virginia emitted a little giggle, promptly smothered in her napkin, quite grand in his demeanor at luncheon. He formally kissed Virginia's hand, and when she told of her need, of her reliance on the Carson fidelity, he yielded to the temptation without a moment's hesitation. He became her uncle, entered calmly upon the deception, oblivious of the vast consequences involved,

"I leave the bonah," said he, "to drink your health—the health of the jewel and the hope of the Carson family."

She rose as if at a formal signal for withdrawal, took both his hands and kissed him on the forehead. There were tears in her eyes.

CHAPTER X.

THE RETREAT OF THEODORE.

THE first day Theodore sent orders for the shipment of the engines and began to provide better equipment for the house. He brought as a companion for Miss Suarez an elderly widow Mrs. Stott, who was addicted to the writing of poems of a lovelorn nature. Virginia's opinion of her new uncle's worldly wisdom rose at this provision for correspondence. But she gave him too much credit. He merely thought of Virginia's becoming lonely.

He could not depart until sure that "Miss Virginia" would not feel slighted should he push on.

Craighead's telegrams came in from the east, still Delphic in significance. One reported that New York was practically "surrounded," another that the country would soon be "gridironed." Theodore was deaf to voices from the outer world. A letter from Harrod, proving that the news of his return had reached the cabin in the dunes, lay on the old secretary one morning. Theodore inserted a paper knife in the envelope, half cut it open—and saw Virginia's dress glimmering outside. The half opened letter fell to the desk, and Uncle Theodore leaped out on the veranda.

"Morning, uncle!" said she. "Have you slept well?"

"Fine."

"You don't look it," said she. "Your eyes look dull. You devote too much time to business while your family is asleep, don't you?"

"Uncle" thought of the unopened letter, the unanswered telegrams, the neglected business. Mr. Waddy's money, the uncompleted aeronef, the sleepless nights, tormented by—not business at all, not business! Decidedly not!

"I slept too soundly," said he.

They spent most of their time out of doors. Theodore ate wolfishly each day and drank great quantities of coffee to show that he was in fine fettle—quite unable to pick up his end of the conversation. It was youth and spring and sweet fellowship, though the items made him sick of Mrs. Stott's table talk. He wanted the river and Psyche, knowing that he ought to go and leave her. Every night he vowed to go next morning—and laid plans for another day with her.

Early one morning they started out on a berry picking expedition. The girl trod in a hollow and fell in a heap on the Bermuda grass. Theodore found her with her ankle gripped in her hands and her lips tight to hold back a cry. A hurried question, a cheery reply cut in two with a twinge of pain, and he picked her up. She threw her arms about his neck to ease the burden. Alas, it made it heavier! The fervor of his embrace did the ankle no good and nearly crushed poor Virginia. The color rose slowly to her brow as he set her down on the veranda and stood over her, breathing hard. She rose on the sound foot and tried the other carefully.

"It isn't broken at all," said she.

Taking off the shoe, she held the little foot in her hand, examining the ankle critically.

"Do you think it's swelling?" she asked.

"I don't know," said he. "I—I've guessed"—

He had seized her hand and was looking at her with none of the impersonality of the surgeon or physician. She did not take her hand away. Instead she grasped it and ran—toward the river.

Theodore was absent at dinner without apology, and the women were in bed before he stole to his room and tip-toeing again. Desperate, he rose and went to the library, lighted a lamp, saw the still sealed letter from Captain Harrod and slashed it open as if it had been the breast of his mortal foe.

I fear that you are back south. I hope you can come right soon. The engines have been ten days. The man that lost the flying thing the young lady come in is back. He is right crazy, Mr. Theodore, from loss of machine. He keeps trying to git into the shed and puts me to rocues. Come soon. Letters and telegrams at Palmetto Beach.

Theodore struck himself on the breast and started to his feet determined to flee to his work and from the romantic dangers of his unclehood. Trembling with excitement, he attempted a note to Virginia. Wizner at the cabin, messages at the beach, treated danger and disgrace if he neglected the task longer, infamy if he toyed on with temptation. He told Chloe through her door that he had been called away and that she must explain to the ladies. He hastily packed a bag, ran down and unmoored the launch and fled down the river.

* * *

Captain Harrod, dignified, barefooted, soft voiced, unkempt, kept his lonely vigil on the white straight edge of beach that lay from Fort Morgan to Perdido bay. Captain Harrod, ignoring landscape and seascape, devoted himself to the study of sand tracks of all sorts—tracks of foxes examining the beach for turtles' eggs, mobtracks of time; tracks made by opossums and raccoons prowling about for crabs, mice and birds' eggs; boat marks of wild hogs, etc. Trails of men there were along the sparsely traveled highway, but the strand and the footprints of one in particular attracted him. Tracks in the sand were to Harrod book, newspaper, telegraph and circulating library. He knew several things that this man might be—a deserter from the fort, perhaps, or it might be some one connected with the revenue service. His cabin was "Harrod's fishing camp"—nothing more. What had revenue officers to do with such humble pis-atorial headquarters as these? They should not care about Theodore's hidden invention

And yet one day a slimy metal sea monster stuck a blunt nose out from the water at about the five fathom contour line, opened a rectangular mouth and flicked a square red tongue like an angry snake until Captain Harrod on the highest dune opened a brilliant red handkerchief with a Chautauqua salute and wiped his nose ostentatorately. Whereupon the sea monster sank beneath the brine. What took place that night was concealed by darkness. If Captain Harrod was busy carrying packages ashore until morning he came by them honestly, no doubt

An examination of the popular novels or periodicals of the past—say of the era of that president whose Christian name our Theodore bears—will be rewarded by a realization of prophecy gone wrong as to the influence on smuggling of aerial navigation. It must bring free trade, they said. Ships navigating the air could land their cargoes anywhere. Yet the airships gave the custom house people little trouble. Airships were so conspicuous that lords were necessarily so light; the system of reporting them by wireless from Canada, Mexico and the Islands was so efficient.

Very unexpectedly it was the submarine that drove the "revenues" wild and filled the law books with Draconian statutes. No trade ever grew faster. The boat fish dived beneath the waves and rose on some lonely coast like this by appointment with some Captain Harrod sitting like a bewhiskered bit of wreckage on the dunes.

Harrod was nervous about the footprints, and he discovered in a search until he found their maker lying asleep in a comfortable sleeping bag in a nearby thicket. He recognized him as Wizner, inventor of the helicopter that was blown out to sea. He waked Wizner, and the latter assailed Harrod in abuse which included the absent Carson.

"You let my helicopter go out to sea," he wailed, "and it was worth a million dollars to me."

Harrod took pity on the inventor, and as a result Wizner stayed for weeks, sleeping in his bag on the porch of the cabin, and, to the captain's intense anger, tried several times to visit the shed where Carson's newly invented airship was in course of completion.

Finally Carson arrived. Theodore ordered the spying man away, and an altercation ensued in which Wizner was roughly handled. At last he took his leave, vowing vengeance on Carson and the airship, which, he said, was worthless. He had made rough drawings of the airship, as he had managed secretly to elude Harrod's watchfulness

At the lagoon he took a boat and rowed to the north shore. The boat from the submarine that had signalled Harrod had brought her crew ashore. He addressed one of the men as Pa ville and learned that the Sticklebach, the submarine, was off shore for some unknown purpose. Reagan, the Sticklebach's captain, came lazily up, and Wizner informed him that he (Wizner) was going on board her. The captain, amazed, asked for what reason

"I'm goin' to use her"

"The d—l you are."

"Well, if not I'll show you up to the authorities as a smuggler, Reagan —you an' Harrod."

Reagan's face paled. He [illegible] drew a revolver from his pocke , then threw it back.

"How do we know," said Reagan, "that you won't peach after you get through with us?"

"If I make the play I expect to," replied Wizner. "I'll be in a d—d sight deeper'n you are!"

"That means," said Reagan, "worse than smuggling."

"I mean the only thing the law punishes worse than smuggling with a submarine!"

Reagan answered slowly:

"I didn't expect I'd ever go that far, but I guess I'll have to serve under you, Wizner. You're captain of the Sticklebach."

CHAPTER XI.

THE AERONEF VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA, left alone, was rather glad of it. Her desertion of the Shaynes was a crisis in her life. She had acted impulsively in a matter of great moment and needed time for thought. She had taken flight to Carson's Landing and to shelter in the shade of the sole remaining branch of her family tree, full of confidence that she would find there a silver haired uncle and a delicate old lavender aunt, redolent of the old regime and ready to receive her tenderly loyal to the Carson blood.

Instead of silver hair, Theodore, the audaciously false uncle, had the "little, silky kid's mustache," and there was no aunt. The grandniece of old General Carson, related to Theodore Carson by no chain of descent save the dubious one of the original third Carson brother of hundreds of years ago and the ownership of this plantation, was weakly allowed to assume kinship from the place and name and never thought of sitting down with Theodore and trucing the thing out. She wondered just what the relationship was anyhow. Chloe said that Cahsonses were Cahsonses, and she never bothered about different kinds. He couldn't be a real uncle, Virginia felt sure of that. He might be a son of General Carson by a second wife. He was the head of the family, anyhow. She must be satisfied with that. Of his invention, save that it was in the mysterious shed, chosen because of its remoteness and its unobstructed beach, she really knew nothing. She began to wonder now whether he had a world's genius or only the crude product of a country college, with nothing to command a second glance except his sinewy erectness, the pathetic yearning in his eyes and the wonderful softness in his voice.

"Uncle Theodore," suggested Virginia to Mrs. Stott, "has invited us to visit him. And, do you know, I think we'll go back with the captain if you can overcome your aversion to the water."

"Will the bay be rough?" asked Mrs. Stott, who confided that the captain served out the weather.

"Dead ca'm, ma'am."

"We'll go," said Mrs. Stott.

The ladies hurriedly packed their things and embarked and they were a gay party. Virginia was full of laughter. Her color rose and her eyes dilated as they took the stream early enough to let them through the new canal into the lagoon by daylight.

"Do you see any signs of a storm?" asked Mrs. Stott, noting his upward glances.

"No, ma'am," he returned. "Ah was just tryin' to make out if Ah'd ever seen that craft befo' aloft thah."

The craft alluded to was a great silver Condor, gleaming in the sun.

Virginia studied her absorbedly with her field glasses.

"I think," said Virginia, "that she's the Roc. I'm sure of it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Harrod.

"She's lyin' to," said the captain. "Thah goes huh lift down."

"Why," asked Virginia wonderingly, "what can she want over there in the woods?"

"She's jist about ove' yo' home, ma'am," said Harrod.

Virginia grew pale and, asking for the glass, scanned the great aeronef

(Continued on page 6.)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

AUG 24 — PA'S SON-IN-LAW — HE GETS HIS WISH! — BY WELLINGTON

OH GEE, BUT THIS IS RICH, LITTLE FELLER! WHILE TH' SAP WAS ROAMIN' 'ROUND TOWN, THAT THERE WAS GOOD, HE MEETS A FEMALE IN TH' PARK AN' ASKS HER T' MARRY HIM! T-THEY GO GET A LICENSE AN' EVERYTHING, BUT—THEN HE RUNS OUT ON HER! NOW SHE'S FOUND HIM THRU THAT PICTURE OF HIN IN TH' PAPERS, PORTRAYIN' HIM AS A 'YOUNG FINANCIAL GENIUS AND - AND I BET SHE SURE MAKES IT HOT FOR HIM!
NONSENSE, FANTHAW! WHILE I WAS A BIT-AN- BALMYREDSIE FEW DAYS, I'M POSITIVE THAT THAT WOMAN'S STORY IS A TISSUE OF LIES! SHE CAN'T PROVE A THING!
SHE CLAIMS SHE CAN PROVE IT ALL—BY HER BROTHER!
HAW! HER BROTHAW, EH? I'D JOLLY WELL LIKE TO MEET HER BROTHAW! I COULD TALK TO HIM IN A LANGUAGE I COULDN'T USE TO A WOMAN AND I'VE A LOT OF THINGS I'D LIKE TO SAY!
WELL— GET GON, STUPID, 'CAUSE—
-HERE HE IS!

WILSON'S HARDWARE

New Year's Suggestions

—Hockey Boots and Tube Skates.
—Flashlights.
—Sleighs, Wagons,
—Automobiles,
—Pyrex Casseroles and Pie Plates,
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—Stainless Steel Knives and Forks.

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We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

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House Wiring a Specialty.

Ask for an estimate on a few extra base plugs. Make your home comfortable for the winter. A well-wired house is a cheerful home.

For Sale Cheap—One three-tube Marconi Radio, and one two-tube Erla. Also a few good Loud Speakers. One Quebec Heater in good condition.

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The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *6 New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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18-1-y

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Marcel and Finger Waving, Shampooing, hair and facial treatments and manicuring at the Plaza Barber Shop, under the management of Miss Hilda Doyle. Phone 460. 2-tf

Christmas Stationery at Wallace's !

We are showing an exceptionally fine assortment of beautiful stationery, all in Christmas boxes. Prices range from 35c. to $7.00, and everyone reasonably marked. Wallace's, agents for Parker, Waterman and Shafer pens.

Westminster Glee Singers.

When the Westminster Glee Singers appear at Grace United Church on Dec. 29th, under the auspices of the I.O.D.E., they afford an opportunity to hear singing that perhaps might come but once in a lifetime to those who are fortunate enough to attend. It is twenty years since Edward Branscombe's company has been heard in Canada. It may be twenty years before the Glee Singers will be heard here again. Instead of the stiff formality of the usual concert, the singers are picturesquely placed. Here and there a soloist will be accompanied by a semi-invisible chorus of voices. The freshness and novelty of their programme is worthy of the highest praise. Afternoon program, Adults 50c., Children 25c.; Evening prices, $1.00, 75c., 50c.

James F. Nichols.

A resident of Ottawa for more than twenty years, James Francis Nichols, formerly of Newburgh, Ont., died on Saturday, after an illness of only two days of grippe. Mr. Nichols was in his 78th year, and since going to Ottawa had been employed steadily as paper maker with the E. B. Eddy Co. He was born in Highwycomb, Buckinghamshire, England. He was a member of Prince of Wales Lodge, Newburgh, the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, and attended Erskine Presbyterian Church. Those who knew him well regarded him with the highest esteem and he enjoyed a wide circle of warm friends. He is survived by his widow, formerly Miss Agnes Andrew, three sons, D. A. Nichols, 57 Cambridge street; James F., of Chicago, and Wilam, of Winnipeg, and three sisters, Mrs. T. Smith, of St. Petersburg, Fla., Mrs. William Clifford, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Ada Packer, of Saginaw, Mich. The funeral was held Tuesday, at 2 p.m. from the George H. Rogers funeral home, 172 Elgin street, to Beechwood cemetery.

We have the Agency for the Connor Electric and hand washers.

45-tf **SPENCER & SON.**

A COUPLE OF REASONS

She—"I bobbed my hair to show my independence."

He—"What did you bob your skirt for ?"

HARD WORK

"Ah, good mornin' Mrs. Murphy, an' how is everythin' ?"

"Sure, between my husband and the furnace, I'm havin' one grand time uv it ! If I keep me eye on the wan the other is sure to go out !

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A. Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Morning worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

TIRE JUDGEMENT MEANS MORE MILES

BY ERWIN GREER.

(President Greer College of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Conceded that mileage means wear in this particular sense, then there are a lot of drivers who are getting a great many more miles out of their tires than they think they are.

There is a lot of travel that the speedometer can't register. When you buck up ; when you skid with the rear wheels locked and when your car wheels are out of line.

When the tire wobbles, of course, the wheel does, too. It covers a lot more territory than there is need of, and the tread wears out through a continual skidding. The front wheels should be checked at least once a month.

It is not good policy to drive a straight course merely for the sake of doing so. Avoid depressions, holes, stones, bumps, car tracks and ragged pavements, even if your car is equipped to absorb shocks. Your tires are not so equipped. Striking a sharp projection at high speed may deduct one hundred miles from the running life of your tire. Quit cutting traffic buttons. They are one of the major causes of the "stone bruise" type of tire injury, and they cause many thousands of dollars worth of damage each day. Don't skid around a corner. Take the turn slow and when about half around feel the car gas. In this manner you will be able to negotiate the turn more safely and save your tires, too. Don't step on it at the start. Speeding up too quickly from a standing start results in spinning wheels, and spinning wheels cause the tire tread to be grated and worn against the pavements. Don't attempt to stop your car in the space of ten feet just because you have excellent brakes, and the car will brake down from a speed of thirty miles in that short space. This is not only bad for the tires, but there will come an emergency stop sometime—when the brakes will fail to work.

Adopt these mental calisthenics and soon you will do the right thing by your tires, just as you automatically shift the gears and apply the brakes.

Wallace's Drug Store, Headquarters for Yardley's Old English Lavender. Single articles, such as shaving bowl, bath salts and compacts, also beautiful sets in suitable Christmas packages, at prices from 75c. to $12.00. A most magnificent display at Wallace's.

A bashful young couple, evidently much in love, entered a crowded tram.

"Do you think we can squeeze in here ?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home ?" was the low, embarrased reply.

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to send for the O. B. C. Catalogue and see what we have done for thousands of others and what we can do for you. Address

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Ontario Business College, Limited

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Against That Day

THE fabled years of ancient Egypt's fulness and famine—the striking lessons found in other historic facts and natural life processes establish **saving** among the fundamental laws upon which Nature makes her sure indictments. Follow your natural personal instinct to "lay by in store" by adding regular instalments to a savings account in the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

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THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

PARISH OF BATH.

Rev. W. G. Swayne, L.Th. Rector.
Services for Sunday, Dec. 30th.

ST. THOMAS, MORVEN.
10.30—Holy Communion.

ST. JOHN'S, BATH.
2 p.m.—Evensong.
Friday, Dec. 28th, at 7.30 p.m., annual S. S. Christmas Tree service, St. John's, Bath.

SAVING TOTEM POLES

Government is Restoring and Preserving the Few That Are Left

—Indian Boys Are Helping.

Of all the people on Canada's national service list, there are perhaps some who have taken up their duties more zealously or proudly than new boys at Kitwanga, B.C., who have been appointed guardians of certain public property, writes Aubrey Fullerton in Forest and Outdoors.

Kitwanga is an Indian village on the Skeena river in northern British Columbia, and the boys who have been thus entrusted with work to do for their country are Indian lads belonging to the settlement and attending its mission school. The fact that there is such work for them to do has resulted from the character of the place and its chief attractions.

For Kitwanga has one of the few displays of totem poles a lit left from old Indian days when the red men were lords of the West Coast and raised their curious wooden monuments in nearly all their settlements. Strange indeed was the old-time art work on these memorial poles, and one can still see that it was done by a striking race and no blitz skill. There is no such statuary today; the art is lost; for the cult that produced it is dead.

Totem poles as made by the Indian at lots of long ago were carved out of solid logs of cedar, a wood noted for its lasting qualities. The designs were made up mostly of human and animal faces or of faces that were both human and animal, the effect being often exceedingly grotesque. According to the old Indian belief each family had its animal ancestor or totem, and he poles erected in front of the people's dwellings were ornamented with figures of those animals—bears, birds, whales or fishes as the case might be. They were thus family crests and memorial monuments combined.

Many of the totem poles along the North Pacific coast have been cut down in recent years or have fallen from sheer age. Some were removed for exhibition purposes in museums cities, one having gone several years ago to the British Museum in London. The Indians themselves have apparently ceased to value the once highly prized pieces of native work which now are only relics and reminders of their uncivilized days This is due in large measure to the influence of the missionaries and to the belief that the government long since discouraged the various practices and beliefs connected with totem poles, and also those that had to do with holding of potlaches.

It has been felt of late, however, that the totem poles should not be allowed to disappear entirely, and now that they no longer are regarded by the Indians in the old superstitious way efforts are being made to save, for history's and native art's sake, the comparatively few that still remain. The Dominion Government has undertaken a program of restoration and preservation, the plan of which is to raise fallen or badly leaning poles, reset those in need of repairs, remove decayed wood, and, if necessary, paint with creosote. A beginning on this work was made at Kitwanga and other accessible Indian villages, where there are totem poles in more or less disrepair, are to be visited by the restorers during the next few summers.

The work is belugdone under the direction of National Museum officials with a force of Indian workers to help. Perhaps these Indian handymen have the feeling that in helping to save the old **pole** statuary are worthily following and dutifully honoring their more artistic fathers after all.

When the first season's work at **Kitwanga was completed, the boys'** turn came. **From the most active** and capable youths of the village four were selected as boy guards, decorated with official badges, and commissioned as watchers of the newly-restored totem poles and the garden of native plants adjoining. These Indian lads, thus enlisted in the public service of Canada, have taken to their work with eagerness and with an evident sense of the honor that is theirs.

Similar work is proposed by the United States Government in southeastern Alaska, where there are numbers of old totem poles at various settlements along the coast.

PATTI'S ONE FAILURE.

Some Artistes Do Not Know In What Direction Their Power Lies.

The failure of many artistes who remain unknown come from the fact that they do not know in what direction their power lies. Some failures of great artistes nearly always come from their lack of knowledge of their own limitations.

Few can, indeed, go on for long years with a record like that of Madame Adelina Patti, of whom it is said that she had but one real failure in her artistic life. She was over fifty years old and had been a leading opera singer for over thirty years when attracted by the opportunities which the role of Carmen gives, she undertook to sing it at Covent Garden, London. With her voice still beautiful, her stage technique at its strongest and her immense popularity, even she could not adapt herself to a role that was conceived for a different type of voice and a different type of person.

Madame Patti, the greatest singer of the century, failed to do what scores of lesser artists were doing well, and what had proved the inspiration of some of those who were nearest to her in greatness.

Calendars and Diaries.

A suitable gift to keep track of the days and doings.

HOGARTH'S.

The new Waterman Fountain Pens at Wallace's ! You will have to see them to really appreciate the beautiful new designs ! An exceptionally large assortment from $2.75 to $7.00, and everyone guaranteed, at Wallace's.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pitcher, Minister.

10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship.

Sunday school 11.45 a.m.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer service.

Monday, 7.30 p. m.—Young People's League.

BELLEVILLE PRESBYTERY OF UNITED CHURCH MET

The Belleville Presbytery of the Bay of Quinte Conference of the United Church of Canada met in John Street United church, Belleville, on Tuesday, Dec. 11th, at 10.00 a.m., Rev. W. D. Harrison, of Deseronto, the chairman presiding.

After the devotional exercises, the Religious Education Committee, of which Rev. G. W. Rivers of Madoc is convener, gave its report. Mr. Rivers stressed the importance of having very careful to enter the names of S. S. Superintendents and Y. P. Leaders on the schedules for this year in order that our secretaries may have complete and correct mailing lists. He commended Miss McGrindale's book on Temperance for Schools and urged the importance of securing decisions for Christ among our S.S. scholars and also the training for Church membership. He commended the general observance of the week of prayer, during the first week of the new year.

Rev. Mr. Foley in speaking of the work of study and Missions in the S. S. and among the young people, urged a return to the Forward Movement in Missions, which a generation ago born such splendid fruit and was the cause of sending out scores of missionaries and of raising a missionary enthusiasm among our people which today has died down.

Rev. Mr. Bedell spoke of the work of Teacher Training and Standard Training Schools, many of which have been held recently. The Committee was directed to bring in a resolution dealing with the matter of Missionary Education.

At eleven o'clock the Committee on Missionary and Maintenance Fund made its report. Rev. Dr. Mallett, of Bridge St. Church, Belleville, being the chairman of the committee. In introducing the report of the committee he pointed out that at the time of Union the three uniting bodies had each made their contributions along the lines of Missionary endeavors, colleges and education, programs for religious education, Persian funds, etc. The system now adopted to accomplish this task, a system which while familiar to some was new to others. You we are told is taking place of the program of Missions in the life and work of Christ and His church, and while it is thought all lines is still necessary if we are to be able to secure continual support.

The secretary of the commission, Rev. A. E. McCutcheon, then read the report of the committee in so far as it related to the matter of allocations for the various charges for 1929 and moved adoption.

Mr. Ackerman, of Belleville, spoke on the present condition of the Fund for 1928, showing that many fields were in arrears in making returns, thus making necessary a large bank overdraft and consequently heavy interest charges.

Mr. Martin Jr., of Stirling, supported the motion, pointing out the fact that if all who professed Christianity were fully consecrated to the Lord, the Divine command could be met in one year.

Mr. C. M. Greene, of Belleville, supported the statement made by Mr. Martin. He declared the country is lukewarm re the Missionary Cause. We need to stir up the people and get them hot with enthusiasm and keep up our giving to the church and its programs in the same proportion as we keep up our expenditures along their lines.

An interesting debate was brought to a close by the announcement of the hour of adjournment and the committee was directed to bring in a resolution along lines of Missionary Education, etc.

At 2.15 p.m. the afternoon session opened. An interesting subject was introduced at this time by Rev. Geo. T. McKenzie, of Yarker, who presented on request of Presbytery, a review of Dr. Streeter's recent book on Reality. An interesting discussion followed the Presbytery Committee on Ministers' Reading Courses, was directed to have another such paper ready for next regular meeting or Presbytery.

At this time the M. and M. Committee brought in its report re Missionary Education and then before discussion, the report of the R. E. committee on the same subject was presented. These both reports were both referred back and the two committees directed to meet in joint session at an early date to bring in a report which would give the Presbytery definite direction along these lines.

Rev. Mr. Jones, of King Street Church, Trenton, gave the report of the Ministerial Relations committee, in which he presented the new constitution covering the Pension Fund of the church, which he said would shortly be placed in the hands of all ministers of the church.

Rev. H. A. Bunt, acting president and secretary of the Bay of Quinte winter school made announcement re the 1929 session of the winter school. A splendid program has been prepared along the lines of Bible study, Mission study, methods and programs of Y. P. work, leadership training among boys and girls. Rev. Dr. W. T. Gunn, moderator of the United Church of Canada will bring a message to the school.

A motion of appreciation was passed and presented to the official board of John Street Church and Rev. Dr. Baker closed the session with the Benediction.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

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WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"THE HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL," a First National Picture starring Billie Dove, is one of those rare pictures that combines gay, colorful atmosphere with a powerful dramatic plot.

Also a funny two-reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Esther Ralston's newest cinema drama, "THE SAWDUST PARADISE."

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

"THE COSSACKS," John Gilbert's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer vehicle. The spectacular sets include the reproduction of a Russian town.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Don't miss hearing Mary Daly in Song Recital at the Town Hall this Friday evening, Dec. 28th, at 8.15 o'clock for the V.O.N. Tickets 50c.

Mr. James Laughland, of the Ontario Dept. of Agriculture at Napanee, has been transferred to Guelph Agricultural College, and with Mrs. Laughland and family leaves this week to assume his new position.

On Saturday evening a number of friends of Dr. Leslie Lewis, who is about to be married, met at his office and presented him with a breakfast suite in black walnut.

All ex-service men in the district are urged to attend the meeting of the Canadian Legion in the Town Hall Wednesday evening, January 2nd, where topics of importance and interest to veterans will be discussed.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star have just announced a special offer of a three years' subscription for $2. Splendid value at the former price, this redical reduction should now place the Family Herald on every library table in Canada.

Measuring a Lightning Flash.

A lightning flash akes about one-seven-thousandth of a second to complete itself, and no part of it lasts more than approximately one-thirty-two-hundredth of a second. This is the first time in history that the speed of a lightning flash has been measured.

It has also been proved that lightning starts from the clouds and the ground at nearly the same instant and approximately one-sixty-millionth of a second later he two ends unite in mid-air.

These facts were determined by Dr C. U. Boys, a British physicist who has been attempting hundreds of photographs for the last twenty-six years, until a stroke of lightning in New York at last gave him this information.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut 35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST

John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

St. Denis Toilet Preparations !

To see them and to get their delightful fragrance is to fall in love with St. Denis Toilet Preparations—Bath salts in extremely beautiful jars, perfumes, powders, creams, all in packages suitable to hold such lovely goods. A splendid assortment is now being shown at Wallace's Drug Store.

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(John Street)

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Complete barbering service for ladies and gentlemen

BERT. MOWERS

47-dp

Seven Boy Sopranos Eight Adult Soloists from Westminister Abbey, St. Paul's, and other Famous English Cathedrals

Grace United Church December 29th

Afternoon Programme, 2.30 p.m.

Price : Adults, 50c. ; Children, 25c.

Plus Tax

Evening, 8.15 p.m.

Prices : 50c., 75c., and $1.00

Plus Tax

Seats on sale at Hooper's Drug Store, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28th and 29th, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Wishing Our Customers and Friends—

A Very Merry Christmas and A Prosperous New Year.

C. A. Wiseman,

Chevrolet, Sales and Service

McIntosh Bros.

Wishing You All

A Merry Xmas

And

A Bright

And Prosperous

New Year

Always at Your Service

McIntosh Bros.

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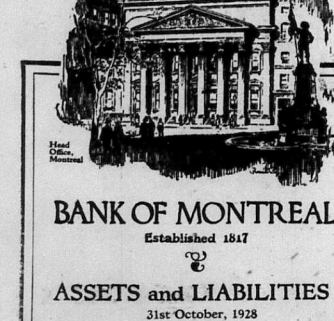

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

ASSETS and LIABILITIES

31st October, 1928

ASSETS	
Cash on hand	$ 93,087,065.12
Deposits with and notes of and cheques on other Banks	67,346,958.25
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	25,000,000.00
Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	178,112,255.00
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	79,704,087.20
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	26,054,892.93
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	3,693,024.06
Quick Assets	$473,898,282.56
Loans and Discounts and other Assets	375,259,014.44
Bank Premises	11,500,000.00
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit (as per contra)	13,125,226.62
Total Assets	$873,782,523.62

LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC	
Notes in circulation	46,967,574.00
Deposits	733,489,179.93
Letters of credit outstanding	13,125,226.62
Other liabilities	17,144,688.33
Total Liabilities to Public	$810,726,668.88
Excess of Assets over Liabilities to Public	$63,055,854.74

"STOP RIGHT THERE."

Hon. R. B. Bennett Tells Humorous Story of Irish Priest.

When he visited Prince Edward Island last summer in the course of his political pilgrimage of grace, the Hon. R. B. Bennett ran across a veritable host of intriguing anecdotes centering about a Father Doyle, a Roman Catholic priest who some years ago ministered to a parish there. These so tickled his fancy that he delights in repeating them to his friends when the hour is ripe for a yarn.

On one occasion the Protestant residents of the community decided to raise a fund to build a new church in place of the old house of worship which was in an advanced state of disintegration. Father Doyle, being a universal favorite, they saw no reason why he should be left out of the canvassing list, so a representative committee of Protestant stalwarts called upon him to solicit a contribution to the building fund.

"Boys, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I can't conscientiously give ye a cent toward building a new church," replied the genial priest with evident regret written on his face. "The bishop wouldn't like it at all, at all.

"But I'll tell ye what I'll do," he continued, brightening as an inspiration came to him. "I'll give ye five dollars toward tearing down the old one!"

This anecdote, in Mr. Bennett's opinion, is sound testimony to the religious tolerance which holds sway in the Maritimes.

On another day, this before the automobile found its way to the red clay roads of Prince Edward Island, Father Doyle was trudging along the highway under a broiling sun when the driver of a passing democrat hailed him with the offer of a lift.

"Thank ye, kindly," accepted the padre as he settled himself with a sigh. "And what may your name be, sir?"

"My name's Murphy," replied the stranger, "but I'm a Protestant."

"Well, well, we needn't discuss religion," hurriedly interposed Father Doyle. "We'll just chat along on other subjects and enjoy the drive."

And they got along famously with each other until the father reached his destination and climbed down.

"Sure and I enjoyed the drive. Many thanks to ye," he said in farewell. "Ye saved me a hard tramp in the heat. Now would ye mind taking a few words of advice from an old man?"

"Why not at all," conceded he of the democrat.

"I suppose ye expect to go to Heaven when ye die?"

"I hope so."

"Well, when ye knock on the golden door and St. Peter asks who ye are—just say, 'My name's Murphy'—and stop right there!"

PRISON INMATES' RECORD.

Prisoners Sit for Higher Educational Examinations.

Fifty-eight prisoners in Canada's penitentiaries sat during 1928 for higher educational examinations and acquitted themselves remarkably well, considering the inevitable handicaps under which they studied. Out of eight who sat for matriculation at Kingston six passed with honors, while at Stony Mountain three contrives were entered for first year university examinations.

Brig.-Gen. W. St. Pierre Hughes, superintendent of penitentiaries, is very proud of what "his boys" have done in advancing themselves along cultural lines, and advances this as proof of the efficiency of Canada's humane prison system. An advance in education is one of the finest things possible for a penitentiary inmate, he points out, for it gives him a broader outlook and tends to lighten the bitterness he feels against society for depriving him of his liberty.

"It helps the boys to be cheerful," said Gen. Hughes recently. "They crack many a sly joke among themselves when they are studying, and we have one fellow who even carried his sense of humor into the examination papers.

"This man could spell and construct sentences in a creditable manner, but he was woefully weak on punctuation. He did the best he could with commas and semi-colons in his paper, but when he found himself called upon to give an example of a long sentence properly punctuated he knew he was undone. He pondered for a while; then, with grim realization of what term he had to serve, he wrote down "Life!"

SPIDER SUPERSTITIONS.

Have Figured Long In Mythology. Says Writer.

Many Scots are superstitious over killing spiders, and look upon it as an evil act. This is probably owing to tradition which tells how Robert Bruce was encouraged to persevere in his campaign by the example of a spider's perseverance in the face of difficulties, says a London Post writer. One reader goes so far as to suggest that the Scottish tradition is responsible for the widespread belief; but spiders have figured so long in the mythology both of civilized and savage races that I am afraid that that claim will not stand.

Another suggestion is that while spiders and their webs were once considered useful in medicine — the spider was sometimes swallowed alive for acne or worn in a quill about the sufferer's neck, and the web is still used in some places to stop the bleeding of cuts — it was considered that the killing of spiders meant a shortage of useful remedies. The belief has also been referred to ancient Roman times when auguries were drawn from the manner in which spiders spun their webs.

A Cambridge reader sends an old rhyme:—

"If thou wilt e live and thrive
Let a spider run alive."

Scotland's First Woman Minister.

A girl of twenty-four is to be the first woman minister of a Scottish church. She is Miss Vera Findlay, M.A., a Glasgow University graduate, and is an only child. She is being ordained to be Partick Congregational Church. Her father says he has never heard her preach, as she will not allow her parents to go and hear her.

England's Oldest School.

The oldest school in England, according to a historian of medieval schools, is King's School at Canterbury, Kent, which was founded in 600 the year after St. Augustine's mission.

PLAYING CARDS.

Suits Were Standardized During the Reign of Henry VIII.

The tercentenary of the Worshipful Company of Playing Card Makers, which fell recently, drew attention to one of the oldest trades in England.

The standard designs of modern playing cards were probably first introduced during the reign of King Henry VIII., for the figures on the court cards still retain the costumes then in fashion. Since that time artistic varia tions have been mostly confined to the backs, but in the old days an endless variety of designs was employed and each card had its own peculiar picture.

Some fifteenth century cards were usually printed in black and white from engraved wood blocks. Colored cards were considered a luxury, and produced in smaller quantities by means of stencils.

Even the suits have only been standardized in comparatively modern times. Some of the old packs consisted of as many as seven different suits. For example, the Hindus, with whom playing cards are thought to have originated, played with a pack consisting of suns, moons, cushions, harps, letters, and swords. Later the number was reduced to four suits, the nobility, the clergy, the citizens, and the peasantry, represented by emblems which varied in different countries. In France, for example, the suits were pikes, cups or chalices, trefoils, and arrow-heads.

Frequently the figures of the court cards have afforded opportunities for illustrations of famous people, usually in the form of caricature. In the British Museum may be seen a pack in which the court cards represent the knights of the Round Table.

In one respect the modern playing card may be considered to be an improvement on the older type. The pasteboard on which they are printed is much more easily handled than the paper of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But the cheapness of the material no doubt enabled cards to be produced which even the poorest might afford. In the seventeenth century, however, when the duty was 2s. 6d. a pack, card games must have been an expensive form of amusement.

PORT ROYAL.

U. S. Citizens Offer $10,000 Toward Restoring Old Fort.

A gracious gesture towards Canada on the part of a number of American citizens has been made known in Ottawa within the past few days. Some friends in New England of the historical association of Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, have offered to the association (a body corporate under the laws of Nova Scotia) the sum of $10,000 to be spent in reconstruction of the first fort or "habitation" of Port Royal in Acadia, built by Champlain and Pomerin 1605.

Beftus M. Fortier, president of the historical association of Annapolis Royal, has been in consultation with the Government with regard to this offer and presented a request from the Annapolis association that the Government provide a sum equal to the gift, to be devoted to acquiring lands needed for the scheme, removing modern buildings therefrom, reforesting, etc.

The U. S. Minister to Canada, Hon. W. H. Phillips, has been interested in the French Minister, M. George Knight, has stated that he hopes to visit Annapolis Royal "cradle of Canadian history," within the next year, and see for himself the fort which was surrendered by the French under Gen. De Subercase, to the English general, Francis Nicholson, in the reign of Queen Anne in 1710. From that historic incident the name given by Champlain, "Port Royal," was change to "Port Anne."

The association has consulted Mr. Charles W. Jeffreys of the Department of Architecture, University of Toronto, concerning the practicability of re-erecting the buildings, etc., on the old lines. His judgment is that it would be quite feasible and that the cost of erecting such primitive structures should not be great. He further takes the view that there is enough historic data coupled with investigations of the original site to enable reconstruction of the buildings with close approximation of accuracy.

BRAINS DEFEATED BRAWN.

Fighters' Skeletons from Old Days Reveal Physical Disparity.

All the hilly but traversable country which stretches west from the Cote d'Or to the Morvan is full of ancient camps, first Gaulish and then Roman; but the association of Alesia were too dramatic to be neglected, writes Stephen Gwynn in the London Spectator, I set out along two kilometers of dull road which finally mounted to the village of Alise Sainte Reine, beautified by an eighteenth century brick-built hospital.

I should like to know why there are two tiny museums in the village, one maintained by the "municipality," the other by a society with its headquarters at Semur. I cannot describe the diggings for relics which are still in progress, because I turned away there. But one thing stuck in my mind—a display of selected skeletons in the upper museum.

There or four great, raw-boned Gauls hang there, with lower jaws like a gorilla's and high bones like those of the traditional Scot; three or four Romans with small, delicate skulls (what right had a man with a head like that to go near Donnybrook Fair as the coroner's jury said) and small delicate bones and a total heigh perhaps a foot short of their adversaries; and it was the small-boned men who won, not by the use of machine guns or any such contrivance.

Yet a Frenchman said to me that all the same, you come back to superior armament; the Gaulish claymores which hang there, too, are four feet long; the Roman's swords not three feet; but while the Gaul was swinging his pointless weapon to split his enemy down, the Roman lunged in with the point.

Chicken Hatchery on a Large Scale.

A chicken hatchery on a large scale is to be established in Alberta, according to L. M. Gaetz, a member of the firm of Canadian Hatcheries Limited, of Vancouver. He stated that the plan of the company was to establish, eventually, hatcheries at several points in the province, where there is unlimited scope for baby chicks of high quality strain; also for eggs and poultry.

PERSONALS

Mr. Reginald Wiseman is home from New York to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wiseman.

Miss Mary Daly is home from New York to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Mrs. Robt. Telfer, Humboldt, Sask., Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Holland, Toronto, and Miss Muriel Telfer, Hamilton, are visiting their mother, Mrs. A. E. Paul.

Mr. Donald Wright, of Port Arthur, is holidaying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wright, Adolphustown.

Mrs. Robert Galbraith, Varty Lake, spent last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Huriel Huffman.

Dr. E. Ming, M.L.A., was in Toronto a couple of days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McPherson and family are spending Christmas in Stratford.

Miss Muriel Dean is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dean, South Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Howard, of Oshawa, are spending the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, Centre street.

Miss Dorcas Randell is spending the Christmas recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randell.

Misses Marion and Alma Wales are spending the Christmas recess with their parents.

Miss Hazel VanAlstyne is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents.

Miss Laura VanKoughnett, of Toronto, is visiting her aunt, Miss Emma VanAlstyne.

Mr. Geo. Ellis and Miss Hazel, Toronto, are guests of their mother, Mrs. Herbert White, Sillsville.

The many friends of Mr. Chas. D. VanAlstyne will regret to learn that he is quite ill.

Miss Irene Shibley Cowan, Bible Training School, Toronto, is spending the holidays with her grandfather, Mr. Geo. Shibley.

Mr. J. W. Hambly and Miss Olive are spending the holidays with Dr. and Mrs. Hollis, Toronto.

Mr. Chas. J. Smith, Toronto, was in Napanee last week attending the funeral of the late Wm. Crossley.

Miss Mildred Brown is home from Toronto to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Brown.

Miss Vera Shorey, Utica, N.Y., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Canfield Shorey.

Miss Betty Smith is home from Toronto to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith.

Miss Margaret Daly is home from Toronto to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Foster, Yarker, are spending Christmas in New York.

Miss Mildred Perry, Toronto, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Briggs, Toronto, are guests of Misses Lulu and Maud Briggs.

Miss Madge VanAlstyne, Toronto, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Taylor.

Misses Helen Grange, Elizabeth Carmichael, Grace Boyes, Evelyn Mills, Hilda Daly, Katherine Gleeson, Marjorie and Betty Gibbard and Celestine Daly are home from College for the holidays.

Mr. Wallace Roy, Toronto, is home to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Roy.

Mr. and Mrs. Shindel, Scranton, Pa., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Nicholls, Winnipeg, Man., were in Napanee a few days last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pennell.

Mrs. A. S. Kimmerly is spending the holiday season in Hamilton.

Miss Smith, of St. Thomas, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Boyes.

Mrs. J. N. Lloyd entertained a number of friends to a euchre party on Monday evening, Dec. 17th, the occasion being her birthday. A splendid supper was served at midnight and many lovely gifts were received, after which the guests departed, wishing Mrs. Lloyd many happy returns of the day.

Misses Rhea and Evelyn Sheridan, Toronto, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Trenouth.

Mrs. John Gleeson is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Harry Gleeson in Lindsay.

Mrs. Detlor, East street, is spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Morley Detlor, Ottawa.

Mr. Wm. Rankin returned from Kingston General Hospital on Friday.

Messrs. Orval and Bruce Madden, Mrs. Bert and children and Miss Lillie Madden, Toronto, are Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Madden.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter King are spending the holidays with their daughter in Hamilton.

Dr. L. Lewis left on Monday to spend Christmas in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Harnden and son, Claude, are spending the holidays at Cherry Valley.

Mr. Andrew Tullock and Mr. O'Neil, Syracuse, N.Y., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Tullock, Empey Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Scott and baby, of Walkerville, are spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Scott.

Mr. Allan McNaughton, Montreal, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Burritt.

Mrs. E. T. Minnes and Misses Ethel and Kathleen Tierney, Toronto, are spending Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tierney.

Mr. Jack Metzler is spending the holidays with his father, Mr. J. W. Metzler.

Among the many students who are home to spend Christmas with their parents are Messrs. John Daly, Jim and Bill Carr, Donald Caton, Allan Walters, Orval Frisken, Harry Clancy, Ambrose Kilfoyle, Jack Grange, Lester Boyes, Archie Wilson, Malcolm Corkill, Wm. Templeton, Harold Deline.

MARRIAGES

Lewis—Burdick—On Thursday, November 29th, at the Church of the Evangelist, Oswego N.Y., Jessie Belle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Burdick, to Percy H. Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Lewis, of Napanee.

DEATHS

Grant—At Odessa, on Sunday, Dec. 23rd, 1928, Mary Ann Grant, aged 76 years.

Huyck—At Adolphustown, on Sunday, Dec. 23rd, 1928, Mary J. Huyck, beloved wife of Mr. Ben Huyck, aged 64 years, 9 months. Funeral on Wednesday at Bethany Church.

Kelly—At Napanee, on Friday, Dec. 21st, 1928, David Kelly, aged 75 years, 8 months.

Paul—At Napanee, on Thursday, Dec. 20th, 1928, Albert Edward Paul, aged 69 years, 9 months.

GOLOSHES!

Here's Some Values!

MEN'S 1 BUCKLE—Best Wool Jersey Overshoes Very Special	$1.95
MEN'S 1 BUCKLE—Cashmere Overshoes Very Special	$1.95
MEN'S 3 BUCKLE—Cashmere Overshoes Very Special	$2.75
CHILDREN'S 3 BUCKLE—Cashmerette Overshoes Sizes 6 to 10½. Special	$1.69
MISSES' 3 BUCKLE—Cashmerette Overshoes. Sizes 11 to 2. Special	$1.95
WOMEN'S LOW BEIGE Overshoes Very Special	$2.45
WOMEN'S LOW BLACK—Overshoes Very Special	$2.29
MEN'S HEAVY MACKINAW RUBBERS — Red, with white foxing. Special	$2.95
MEN'S BLACK MACKINAW RUBBERS—with Red Soles. Very special	$2.69
MEN'S EXTRA HEAVY RED SOLE RUBBERS... Special	$1.35
MEN'S HEAVY SOLE STORM RUBBERS—Regular $1.50. Special	$1.25

Compare Our Values.

The Haines Shoe House,

Largest Dealers in Shoes in this district.

NAPANEE

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

MONEY FOR HEALTH.

At this season of the year, in many centres, the budgets of the various municipal and county services are being considered, health services together with the others.

The public money which is devoted to health work represents an investment in disease prevention and health promotion. It is a well-established fact that the proper expenditure of certain sums of money will bring about a reduction in the amount of illness and the number of deaths. There is, of course, a limit to the reduction, and that limit is set by the knowledge which we possess. We can deal successfully with many diseases because we know enough about them to compare them successfully. With regard to others, we are not as yet able to do so because we have not the knowledge which would enable us to conquer them.

When the question of health expenditure is considered, every citizen should realize clearly that if reasonably sufficient funds are provided, he is actually, through his taxes, buying community health insurance for his own protection and for that of his family, his friends and his fellow-citizens. If a reasonable amount of money is not spent on health work, then the reverse occurs, and each person—adult and child —will be needlessly exposed to the dangers of preventable diseases. The burden and expense of disease does not fall evenly. Someone may feel that he has saved a dollar or two and escaped sickness, but some individual, some family, will have that burden and expense. The community may have to pay out far more in the care of orphans, or in hospital bills, than the health department costs. One epidemic costs many times the upkeep of an adequate health department.

Money should not be wanted; it should be properly spent. Every city, town and county should have sufficient money for health work, and should see to it that it is properly spent.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Maple Leaf Anti Freeze!

Drive up to our side door and let us fill your radiator. The mixture costs about 80c. a gallon and won't freeze. We test too without charge. Wallace's, agents for Maple Leaf Anti freeze.

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Store Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., including Saturday. *Telephone 71.*

Thanks To You!

Now that the busy Christmas season has drawn to a close, we extend to you, on behalf of our many employees, most sincere thanks for your hearty response to our oft repeated request to shop early in the day.

Early shopping has enabled us to adhere strictly to our six o'clock closing rule through the Christmas season, and still achieve a satisfactory increase in business. This has, of course, meant greater comfort and less fatigue to the entire staff who have served you, and it has given more zest to their enjoyment of Christmas day.

Again assuring you of grateful appreciation,

R. J. Eaton
President

VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES

A Romance Of Flying

By HERBERT QUICK

Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

(Continued from page 3.)

with the lowered lift, like a nexus, to the ground.

"Can't you go a little faster?" said she, laying down the binoculars.

"Afrish we clear Week's bay," said the captain.

Once clear of the channel, they stood for the south shore, the engines firing in continuous explosion. Suddenly with a little scream Virginia leaned out to look down upon something in the water, instead of bird or sail or cloud, she had seen, coming up from the depths under their rail, the Roc, under full speed, her great engines purring like tiger cats, her screws shimmering, her giant hull a resplendent bubble of steel. Looking up, Virginia saw her overhead and cowered back into the boat, for peering over the rail and calling like an evil bird was Silberberg.

"Shall Ah answer the hail, miss?" asked the captain.

"No!" whispered Virginia. "Take no notice, I beg of you, captain!"

The Roc swept on like a meteor, leaving the launch behind. Virginia

VIRGINIA STUDIED HER ABSORBEDLY WITH HER FIELD GLASSES.

asked the captain if he supposed she had been recognized.

"Ah reckon not, miss," said he. "Just a chance meetin', Ah reckon. She's come to, raghe ove' the inn," said the captain.

Virginia sat under the middle of the awning, quite in a tremble. The boat slowly threaded the shelly entrance to the bayou and passed the wharf of the inn. The people on the quay were craning their necks at the descent of the passengers from the Roc.

"Hurry, captain, hurry!" urged Virginia.

"Ah cain't, ma'am," said he. "Ah'll hev to lie to a minute foh that boat. Neve' fear, miss; yo' all raght with me!"

"Here you see," said a voice from the wharf, "two soon to be discarded modes of navigation—the boat displacing water and the aerostat floating in the air upheld by gas. The hydroplane must replace the boat; the aeronef, the aerostat. I have made a specialty of this. I know. The value of that cigar shaped craft up there as junk, deducted from her present value, is the measure of Mr. Finley Shayne's loss when our big show opens its ticket wagon. Seest thou?"

Virginia looked attentively at the speaker, startled to hear her uncle's name mentioned almost in his presence. She saw a youngish man of medium height, thin habit of body and long, thick hair, who was gazing, with every appearance of interest, not at the airship, but at a lady of perhaps twenty-seven years, short, plump, admirably gowned in a sort of reduced half mourning, with her jolly little face turned toward the Roc, her brown hair tousled about her face, her prominent little chin carrying the facial angle forward and downward.

"That talk will do with me," said she, "but you've got to show papa something besides oratory pretty soon or there'll be trouble. He tells me that you and Mr. Carson are the first ever to sell him a gold brick, and he proposes to make an example of you. You're supposed to be in custody now. Why, here's papa!"

Mr. Waddy came down the wharf, combing his whiskers and mustache out in front of his nose with his fingers. As Harrod's boat glided within arm's length of the wharf the lift descended from the airship, filling Virginia with terror.

"I don't think I'll get you another posy, Caroline," said the old man, "picking it to bits like that."

"I'm trying my fortune," said she, with a little embarrassed laugh.

"Humph!" said her father.

The younger man, seemingly recovered from his perplexity, was touching the row of buttons one by one, and as the launch gathered way Virginia heard him say to button after button: "She loves me! She loves me not! She loves me! Hooray!"

The shout greeted the favorable answer of the oracle. The lady, as if feeling the fingers in her curls, turned and gently slapped the gentleman's ears. The launch shot into the canal and out of sight. The ladies were made sole owners of Carson's cabin, and the men slept with the aeronef by night, while by day Captain Harrod stood by to aid Theodore, slipping away to the top of the dunes at times to scan the offing for the slimy nosed Stickleback, inexplicably reappearing with her oval deck just awash, her thin, semi-invisible periscope in air. Having arranged with Reagan for a cessation of the contraband business until the aeronef was off the stocks, the captain was worried. He warned the Chautauqua salute one day, whereupon the submarine sounded like a galled rorqual. The captain's ingenuity was not equal to the task of developing a theory to account for her presence or her alarm.

Meanwhile, Caroline possessed of an unremitting energy that commanded Virginia's admiration. As he told her again of his struggles, his experiments, his falling into the garden of Dr. Witherspoon, his meeting with Craighead, the financial enlistment of Mr. Waddy and of the puzzling messages he had received she became an enthusiast too.

"I'd like to meet Mr. Craighead," said she. "I'd like to feel sure that he can secure a monopoly of the navigation of the air."

"You might form an opinion of him," said he, "by reading his telegrams."

"Of whom?" inquired Virginia, evidently thinking of something else.

"Craighead," replied Carson. "Here they are. What do you think of them?"

The first was dated Charleston, W. Va. "Air products incorporated," it ran. "Immense sensation in trust incubator and brooder. Don't you dare hear from illustrious co-conspirator? Craighead, the Piute."

"Tries to be humorous," said Virginia. "Let's see the next."

The next date was dated. "En route to Cosmopolis from Incubator," and was unsigned. "To him who commands the winds, from him who winds the commands, greeting. It ran. "Be of good cheer. The train is laid, the gin is set, the dogs of war strain forward in the leash. But is there any aeronef? Broom end of pipe dream assumes terrifying concreteness. Noble, she assure me of thine! Just wire saying you are you and there is an aeronef, collect!"

"Did you answer this?" asked Virginia.

Theodore shook his head.

"It was days and days before I got it."

"Why didn't he send it to the plantation?" asked Virginia.

"I gave him this address." said Theodore. "I—I stayed there too—too long."

He opened the gyroscope globe and began running the wires lightly, setting the heavy little wheels spinning, rocking the aeronef from side to side to note the operation of the balancing devices. Preserving their perpendicularity, as if of intelligent purpose, the gyroscopes moved the levers of the wing differentials which would accelerate the propeller wheels of the lowered wing and cause retardation of the upper. Right or left, stern or bow, the depressed area would work the harder, the raised part slower, while powerful rudders co-operated, moving like a fish's fins, even now regarded by propeller rested. Theodore was getting past an awkward reference to his long stay at the plantation by a painstaking examination of the brain of his airship.

"See how it works, Virginia," he exclaimed. "It knows the levers to be moved. Why, if a puff starts to overturn her she'll sprint with the lowered wings alone like a bird. And see the intelligence of those rudders! And Wizner said she'd turn turtle!"

"And Mr. Craighead doesn't get any report of all this! What must he think?"

"I told him about it," said Theodore proudly. "And it was no time to telegraph apologies. It was a time to work."

Virginia opened another of Craighead's telegrams. It was addressed to Palmetto Beach, "or somewhere it is hoped," and seemed to be regarded by Craighead as very important. "My luck hath turned! It is Craighead Felix now," said he. "Have found a gang of grafters organized to get us grants in no time; will clinch New York by Friday; Chicago already hemmed in. New thought—fee of roads in grangers everywhere. Will secure title except for road purposes. Only the sun sets apace! Whoop! Whoop! Whoopee! We've got 'em, we've got 'em! Caroline's dad ready to bust all eight banks to back scheme. You must make good, Theodore. Answer for the sake of divine pity just one leetie teeney peep! Napoleon Bonaparte Hannibal Militades Craighead."

"What does he mean," asked Virginia, "by all this about grants, highways and fee simple? It's awfully queer."

"I don't know," replied Carson. "Some visionary thing."

"And who is Caroline?" asked Virginia.

"Mrs. Graybill, Mr. Waddy's daughter. Now, listen, Virginia, and watch. She's ready to try."

He threw in the clutch, and the wings began whirring like great buzzes. Faster and faster the wings' sections whirled until the aeronef strained upward on her lashings like a restive horse. Theodore tipped a lever, and she leaped forward, stretching the ropes at an angle of forty-five degrees. He reversed it, and she slacked backward, as might an eagle repulsed by a foe. Virginia swung her hat and shouted.

"Pull the line on the end of that wing," said he, "and see if you can tip her. Pull!"

Virginia walked gingerly forward, her dress flying, her hat whisked to the top of the room. Grasping the flying rope end, she pulled downward. The wings settled slightly, and then as the gyroscopes forced a feel the depressed wings lifted as if consciously rising to a load. It was marvelous.

"Can't you pull harder?" cried Theodore, bareheaded, his hair flying. "Try."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried Virginia cheerily. "Try it is."

Reaching up, she pulled herself clear of the floor, her strong little form swaying like a most charming pendulum. The enormous dragon fly, throwing its power into the depressing right rode level, with nine stone weight of solid American girl dangling from the tip of one wing—a mechanical paradox. The boat stood in air as level as a ship in a calm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Theodore, swinging his arms. "Never anything like it in the world. Carried you on one wing and kept level. Hurrah for the Virginia!"

He eased her down and stepped to where Virginia waited, hands outstretched, red from the rough rope, hair blown abroad.

"And are you going to name her that?" she cried. "Oh, how perfectly dear of you!"

Theodore held the chafed hands, triumph in his face. He crowned the little red palms and kissed them over and over again. Mrs. Stott came in and saw him doing it.

"I burt my hands," said Virginia, showing them. "And uncle is kissing them well."

"Very kind and self sacrificing, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Stott.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CRAIGHEAD IN CUSTODY.

THE money for the last touches to the airship was to be the extent of Mr. Waddy's new financial venture, and when came Craighead with his new hatched plan for actually monopolizing the air, and Mr. Waddy, having submitted it to his local lawyer, hesitated and was lost.

"I'll go into it," he said. "We'll make everybody come and settle that wants a trip by airship. Hey?"

"Exactly," replied Craighead.

"Jest as if the whole country was our farm," cried Mr. Waddy.

"It will be for circumambient purposes," replied Craighead. "And, as you so well said, a farm a cinch. And remember, Mr. Waddy, in putting Shayne and his pirates down and out we and our pirates are making way for the matchless, unsinkable, duties acting, universal speed driven, nonbalation, orthochromatic Carson aeronef. Don't forget our haughty southron coconspirator who will wing his way to Illinois by the time we return. Don't fall down and forget that."

"Well, you'd better have him on hand," said Mr. Waddy, "as he promised, or I'll know why he took my good hard money."

It was on occasions of this sort that Mr. Craighead had sweated telegrams begging to know if Theodore really had any airship.

"But think, my dear sir," protested Mr. Craighead, "of the untold millions in the Broom idea—aerial monopoly. Even if Theodore should be only four clubs and a spade, we will bull the aces, my dear Mr. Waddy. Do not grind your teeth thus so long as the American Nitrates and Air Products company remains as the Archimedean lever with which to pry up and dump the world. We are ahead whatever happens to the aeronef end of the deal!"

"Well, the aeronef end," said Mr. Waddy, "had better come to the center or I'll see what law there is for getting money by false pretenses."

The two men were the best of traveling companions. Mr. Waddy footed on going in the smoker. Mr. Craighead took the stateroom while his money lasted and then borrowed of Mr. Waddy.

Mr. Craighead had advertised for people to organize a rapid business campaign covering the civilized world to meet him in West Twenty-third street at Delmonico's, and the hundreds to whom he had neglected to impart any knowledge of the tryst with the specialists. Waddy and Craighead arrived ensconced in a hotel apartment in time consumed in adjusting Mr. Craighead's aura and found a crush of people entirely alien to the fine arts, filling the studio and the hall outside. Craighead's sculpt friend, with a lady model, escaped the angry mob into the scaffolding of an equestrian group representing an Indian maiden in a stampede of buffaloes. The model had been posing for something—an Indian maiden perhaps—and had feathers in her hair.

Craighead broke through by impersonating an officer, shouting "Make way for the police!" and uppercutting the crowd with his elbows.

"Hello, De Land!" said he, nodding to the sculptor. "Most beauteous princess of the Apaches, how?"

"That you, Craig?" called down the sculptor. "What, not sober? Go after him, police! Turn these people out, please, Craig!"

"Friends of mine," said Craighead. "I advertised for 'em. Hope you haven't been inconvenienced, old man."

"Not at all!" replied the sculptor facetiously. "But get them out so Miss Brown and I can descend."

Craighead's manner of disposing of the crowd commanded Mr. Waddy's sincere respect. He went about with marvelous rapidity, sending away those whose nonutility was unquestionable and making engagements with others at "our Wall street office," the name of which made everybody more respectful.

The dinner to which Mr. Craighead took Mr. De Land, Miss Brown and Mr. Waddy was the first of a series which reduced Mr. Waddy to torpor. The old gentleman, in his long frock coat which buttoned to a surtout, his frowsy face and his evident attachment to Mr. Craighead, was remembered in certain ultra bohemian circles for his surreptitious sinking into the dimmest corners of cafes and roof gardens. He had a dark secret, Mr. Craighead said, which, he did not explain, originated in Mr. Waddy's agreement with the lads in goggles that the whole situation was improper. He felt obliged to keep with Craighead because of a suspicion that the aeronef was a figment of two Shirters institute inclinations, and the did not purpose to let any guilty man escape. So he persistently engaged a detective to shadow both himself and Mr. Craighead, as does some kind, and then they were shed. She didn't know about the aeronef but Mr. Theodo was a problem around with some item as a hine. She mentioned the canal at Old Dutch Beach was the one, but she didn't know. This information, Mr. Craighead declared, made everything clear, and on returning to the inn Mr. Waddy hired a local officer to guard Mr. Craighead's room and began taking thought of having a warrant issued against him, for something. Mr. Waddy was not quite certain for what.

Craighead was trapped, lost, betrayed. He sat in his room chewing a cigar and calculating the distance to the ground. It looked feasible to get down a pillar of the veranda and into the woods. Carson was an impostor, they were guilty of fraud, there was no aeronef, and the Air Products company would collapse at Mr. Waddy's defection.

Ting-a-ling-ting-ting-g-g-g!

His telephone rang. Was his good angel Mrs. Graybill on the wire? She was.

"You know who this is?"

"Know these tones?" he gushed. "Why, were I in deepest hades through geological depths of burning marl and lignite and other carbonifferous deposits I'd know them! What is it, fair one?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I have just learned at the post-office that Mr. Carson is back a few miles, through a lagoon, and the man will get us a guide with a boat to take us through those narrows in the morning. Is that all right?"

"You are— My God, Caroline, you have saved me from you know not what! I shall love you, love you, love you!"

And the telephone was hung up.

They went through the canal in great style. They skimmed the black waters of Freshwater lake and landed at the shelly hummock. While the boatman searched for the path to the gulf beach they sat on the shell mound, fascinated by the strange landscape. The expanse of black pools and reedy morasses between them and the line of surf, which they could hear roaring beyond the dunes, was dotted with clumps of tall pines and splotched with scrub oak thickets.

"Those pines," said Mr. Graybill, "are like palms. Why, what's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Graybill.

Rising from beyond the dunes, as if from the sea, there soared a great something which resembled like a bird. It swelled like a magic ship as it neared them, sailing low and dominating the sky like a cloud. It came with the most amazing speed, but as a eagle in midswoop, so swift, so light, so facile that all impression of weight was abolished, and the huge thing filled the mind with the notion of levity—like a humming bird.

"Oh, of course," said Craighead, his hands trembling, his face white, "this man Carson is a fraud! Oh, yes, we knew it all the time. But you see that his aeronef has gone through the empty form of eventuating, all the same. Flying like a frigate bird! Shayne, charge! Roll over, Silberberg, and don't dare move till I say so! Oh, this is rotten—rotten! I've got to kiss some one! Hurray!"

Mrs. Graybill was running along the path after the guide, Mr. Waddy puffing along behind, hopelessly unplaced.

"Did you see Carson?" said Craighead. "And there was a girl with him."

Emerging from the dunes, they saw the airship skimming off along the line of beach foam. Down the beach stood Mrs. Stott and Captain Harrod, looking after the airship in amazement and delight. Then, turning like a frightened heron, she swept seaward and came down the wind like an arrow, Virginia waving an American flag over the rail and Theodore swinging his hat.

Suddenly as she passed them with a maneuver so astounding for aerial craft that the guide scarcely believed their eyes she stopped. The sharp whir of the beating wing sections told of the sudden reversal of their stroke and of the unprecedented phenomenon of the almost instant change of a machine in midair. It was an unnecessary strain, thought the captain.

He saw the reason, however, a moment later. Like a huge fish there the nose of the Stickleback—poked itself above water right ahead of the Virginia. A boat that looked stove and sinking drew away from her, with a straggling, gesticulating figure in it waving a signal of distress. The slimy nose sank, and the apparent castaway was left as if to perish unless rescued by the Virginia.

Accepting the humane task, lower, lower, lower sank the aeronef, until its car appeared almost to touch the waves. The man in distress seemed to throw something like a lasso over the nacelle of the airship, and the great bird rose slightly, as if to be safe from the billows. The Stickleback again peeped above the waves, her nose thrust forward, and the stove boat went down into the submarine.

It was absolutely beyond the power of any one looking on to guess what was taking place. Why the Roc had made the signals for help if the submarine was standing by? If the coming of the submarine to his rescue was unexpected, why had he not cast off the line from the aeronef? Why— And suddenly they all felt that something sinister, something devilish, was taking place. They heard a shout from Theodore, a scream from Virginia. The submarine had come awash again and there was a strange smoke under the crack of a pistol a pistol aimed at the airship. Then she sank again, and the airship was drawn downward by the line. Struggling forward and hanging by the fatal thread like a trapped bird, she strained at her tether, while the grim submarine, like a devilfish which had thrown a tentacle about a waterfowl, made onward, out into the gulf, out into deep water, with a purpose as manifest as it was deadly.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEVILFISH VERSUS BIRD.

WHEN the aeronef was run out on her ways by the long shed in which she had been built there was a flutter of expectancy among those so deeply concerned in her flight.

"The first mate always sails with the ship, uncle," Virginia suggested.

"Would you really go on the trial trip?" he asked.

"Try me," said she. "I want to."

"You'd be worth a dozen of Captain Harrods," replied Carson. "He hasn't the faintest idea of the principles of the Virginia, while you could fly her in a week."

"I could now," asserted Virginia. "The Virginia is a simple, manageable little thing, like her namesake."

"If she shows all her namesake's sweet traits"—began Theodore.

"Then I'm to go?"

"Captain," cried Theodore, "there's a girl that wants to ship as first mate! Make sail, captain. We're going."

But Virginia seated herself beside Theodore, wearing a dress of soft white wool, a close fitting little cap on her head and carrying a jacket over her arm.

"Now, shall I keep the manometer readings? Oh, you haven't any? Well, then, the altimeter statements?" she suggested.

"It's self registering," said Theodore. "Really there's nothing to do except in emergencies, and"—

"And there'll be no emergencies!" she cried. "Now in the church, admiral of the circumambient ocean! You do the work, and I'll play lady! We're off!"

"Are you willing," said she, turning to her, "to forgive me for this and everything I may ever have done, whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens or doesn't happen, I forgive you!" she cried. "Throw the clutch before the gyroscopes stop and the Virginia gets brain fag—or shall I"—

"Just for luck," said Theodore, "you throw it in."

She threw over the lever, and the wing sections started like 40,000 boys' "buzzes." The big bird rose perpendicularly from the ways and fanned the ground no more. Theodore turned on a little more speed, put the rudders apart to bring her head to the light sea ward wind, and as she mounted higher and higher he tried her control. He pushed over the lever that determined the thrust of the driving blades, and she shot in over the dunes like a wild thing until he headed her back for the gulf. Well inside the bar, so that an overturn might not mean a drowning, he circled about in a wide curve, which he gradually narrowed by a more extreme use of the helm until she was sailing round and round in an orbit, in which the tips of the inner wings were almost stationary and "treading" air like a pausing swimmer.

"That tests out the balancing device!" shouted Theodore. "How's that?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Virginia. "That do sure test out the balancing device. And if you let her chase her tail like this much longer I'm going to be indisposed. Please whirl her the other way while, uncle."

Virginia walked forward. They were dying higher now, and she could see the pine woods far inland, with their dense masses of pines in fields, their white houses behind the great green globes of the china trees. Far over the northwest soared a great aerostat, silver white, as if covered with ice.

"I wonder if that isn't the Roc?" queried Virginia.

"If it is," said he, "and she comes about this way we'll show her what real aviation is."

Then they swept over and down the coast. They turned back and swirled out over the sea.

"Oh, look, look!" suddenly said Virginia. "There's some one in the water!"

Below floated the half collapsed and sinking gas devil of a submarine. Beside it lay a great blotch of darkness so symmetrical that Theodore was impressed with the sudden idea that it was a submarine rather than a patch of dark sand. A man on the derelict was struggling, shouting and waving a white cloth as if in distress. Theodore's eyes flashed. He reversed the engines, and the propellers, sound in an instant they were fighting the air with all the power of the mighty engines. The passengers felt their bodies sway forward with the momentum as the Virginia slowed up, halted and moved astern, and as accurately as if he had had years of practice Carson brought her to over the struggling, gesticulating figure in it waving a signal of distress. The slimy nose sank, and the apparent castaway was left as if to perish unless rescued by the Virginia.

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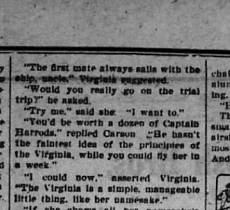
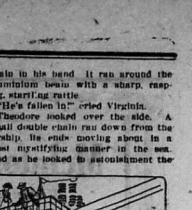


HE WENT ABOUT WITH MARVELOUS RAPIDITY.



HE AIMED AT CARSON, FIRED AND THE BULLET SANG AWAY INTO THE SKY.

"Then I'll run to go?"

"Captain," cried Theodore, "there's a girl that wants to ship as first mate! Make sail, captain. We're going."

But Virginia seated herself beside Theodore, wearing a dress of soft white wool, a close fitting little cap on her head and carrying a jacket over her arm.

"Now, shall I keep the manometer readings? Oh, you haven't any? Well, then, the altimeter statements?" she suggested.

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But Virginia seated herself beside Theodore, wearing a dress of soft white wool, a close fitting little cap on her head and carrying a jacket over her arm.

"Now, shall I keep the manometer readings? Oh, you haven't any? Well, then, the altimeter statements?" she suggested.

"It's self registering," said Theodore. "Really there's nothing to do except in emergencies, and"—

"And there'll be no emergencies!" she cried. "Now in the church, admiral of the circumambient ocean! You do the work, and I'll play lady! We're off!"

"Are you willing," said she, turning to her, "to forgive me for this and everything I may ever have done, whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens or doesn't happen, I forgive you!" she cried. "Throw the clutch before the gyroscopes stop and the Virginia gets brain fag—or shall I"—

"Just for luck," said Theodore, "you throw it in."

She threw over the lever, and the wing sections started like 40,000 boys' "buzzes." The big bird rose perpendicularly from the ways and fanned the ground no more. Theodore turned on a little more speed, put the rudders apart to bring her head to the light sea ward wind, and as she mounted higher and higher he tried her control. He pushed over the lever that determined the thrust of the driving blades, and she shot in over the dunes like a wild thing until he headed her back for the gulf. Well inside the bar, so that an overturn might not mean a drowning, he circled about in a wide curve, which he gradually narrowed by a more extreme use of the helm until she was sailing round and round in an orbit, in which the tips of the inner wings were almost stationary and "treading" air like a pausing swimmer.

"That tests out the balancing device!" shouted Theodore. "How's that?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Virginia. "That do sure test out the balancing device. And if you let her chase her tail like this much longer I'm going to be indisposed. Please whirl her the other way while, uncle."

Virginia walked forward. They were dying higher now, and she could see the pine woods far inland, with their dense masses of pines in fields, their white houses behind the great green globes of the china trees. Far over the northwest soared a great aerostat, silver white, as if covered with ice.

"I wonder if that isn't the Roc?" queried Virginia.

"If it is," said he, "and she comes about this way we'll show her what real aviation is."

Then they swept over and down the coast. They turned back and swirled out over the sea.

"Oh, look, look!" suddenly said Virginia. "There's some one in the water!"

Below floated the half collapsed and sinking gas devil of a submarine. Beside it lay a great blotch of darkness so symmetrical that Theodore was impressed with the sudden idea that it was a submarine rather than a patch of dark sand. A man on the derelict was struggling, shouting and waving a white cloth as if in distress. Theodore's eyes flashed. He reversed the engines, and the propellers, sound in an instant they were fighting the air with all the power of the mighty engines. The passengers felt their bodies sway forward with the momentum as the Virginia slowed up, halted and moved astern, and as accurately as if he had had years of practice Carson brought her to over the struggling, gesticulating figure in it waving a signal of distress. The slimy nose sank, and the apparent castaway was left as if to perish unless rescued by the Virginia.

Accepting the humane task, lower, lower, lower sank the aeronef, until its car appeared almost to touch the waves. The man in distress seemed to throw something like a lasso over the nacelle of the airship, and the great bird rose slightly, as if to be safe from the billows. The Stickle back again peeped above the waves, her nose thrust forward, and the stove boat went down into the submarine.

It was absolutely beyond the power of any one looking on to guess what was taking place. Why had he not made the signals for help if the submarine was standing by? If the coming of the submarine to his rescue was unexpected, why had he not cast off the line from the aeronef? Why— And suddenly they all felt that something sinister, something devilish, was taking place. They heard a shout from Theodore, a scream from Virginia. The submarine had come awash again and there was a strange smoke under the crack of a pistol a pistol aimed at the airship. Then she sank again, and the airship was drawn downward by the line. Struggling forward and hanging by the fatal thread like a trapped bird, she strained at her tether, while the grim submarine, like a devilfish which had thrown a tentacle about a waterfowl, made onward, out into the gulf, out into deep water, with a purpose as manifest as it was deadly.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEVILFISH VERSUS BIRD.

WHEN the aeronef was run out on her ways by the long shed in which she had been built there was a flutter of expectancy among those so deeply concerned in her flight.

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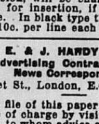

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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Thirty Million Motor-Cars.

There are nearly thirty million motor-cars in the world, one for each 64 of the population.

Atlantic Crossing Habit.

When he was six months old, Mr. Lauderdale Duncan, of Hove, England, crossed the Atlantic, and since then, with the exception of the war period, he has visited America every year. He is now seventy-seven, and returned from New York on his 140th crossing recently.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE

SOME EXTRAORDINARY CASES OF SUDDEN FORTUNES

American Paid $30,000 For Bucket of Water—Newsboy Turned $100 into $100,000, Afterwards Making a Fortune of Over $15,000,000.

There died recently in Guildford Workhouse a man named James Cutterson Pratt, who, some fifty years ago, bought the whole of the land on which Johannesburg now stands, an area of 18,000 acres, for £350, says Answers. He unfortunately was debarred from enjoying the gigantic fortune which would have been his, for, when the Boer Republic was declared, his property was confiscated by the new Government and he returned to England penniless. That land to-day is worth at least £20,000,000.

Here is another story of an extraordinary bargain in land. In the nineties of last century a number of Texas cowmen came to the town of Corsicana on the Trinity expedition and had a merry evening. At the next morning one of them woke with a terrible thirst; there was no water in the room and he could not find any. Putting his head out of the window, he saw some men asleep in the yard and called out, begging them to bring him some water, but they paid no at ention.

At last he yelled out: "One of you fellows give me a drink and I'll give you 320 acres of land."

This aroused one of the sleepers, who called back that he was hanged if he'd move for a beggarly 320 acres. The man above raised his offer to a whole section, that is 640 acres; and at last the one below fetched up a bucket full of water.

In those days a Texan's word was his bond, and next morning the 640 acres was duly made over by deed to the not very good Samaritan. The latter took possession, and before his death sold the land for £20,000. It is now still more valuable.

The increase in the value of Canadian lands has been enormous. A British army officer travelled to Calgary in the year 1887 with the then president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Nothing of a beautiful site near the Bow river, seven miles from Calgary, he bought nearly three square miles, paying 6s an acre. Thirty-five years later that land was being sold at prices up to $1,000 per acre. Truly, the Golden West.

Some ex raordinary Californian golden fortunes were provided by the recent Florida land boom. A Tampa newsboy named Ellis Davis saved $100, and, gambling with it in real estate at Miami, turned it into $100,000. He then bought an island in Tampa Bay, added to it area by dredging, built a bridge connecting it with the mainland, and sold out for $1,000,000.

One of the richest men in Mexico, Maximilian Damm, a German by birth, began as a clerk went into business as a storekeeper. In the course of trade took over an old and apparently worthless silver-mine for a bad debt of $70. He found a new lode in the old mine, and in a short time made $3,500,000 a year out of it.

But land is not the only foundation for fortune. Mr. Abraham White, of New York, holds what is probably a world's record by making $150,000 for the expenditure of a few cents.

The United States Government asked for tenders for a large issue of bonds, no deposit being required. Mr. White, then a clerk in a stockbroker's office in New York, made a tender for a part of these bonds. His bid was accepted, and next day he disposed of the bonds allotted to him in Wall Street at a profit of £150,000. He then formed the Abraham White Bonding Co., and more recently bid for the whole of a new issue of $40,000,000 of New York City bonds.

It was another smart American, Marcus J. Waterman, who bought 6,500 shares of Chicago & Great stock for fifty cents a share. A week later the shares stood at $5.50 and Mr. Waterman sold his $3,000 purchase for $35,000. A profit of this size in one week is pretty good going.

The auction-room is full of romances. Years ago a provincial lad attended a sale and bought a box of miscellaneous articles for thirty-six shillings. At the bottom he found two large eggs which, as he could not identify them, he took to the famous auctioneer, Mr. Stevens. They turned out to be eggs of the great auk which has been extinct since 1847. One sold for £80 guineas; the other, slightly cracked, fetched 180 guineas.

A young man, strolling through Northfleet, saw a saucer of old coins in a shop window. They were mostly Georgian pennies and halfpennies, and were priced at a penny each—quite as much as they seemed worth. He looked them over and found one which, though as black as the rest, seemed heavier. He bought this, took it home, cleaned it, and found it to be a gold medal of the seventeenth century, which was afterwards sold for £200.

Another fortunate person was the London collector who bought an old deed for eight shillings at a bookstall in Marylebone Lane. When examined this proved to bear the signature of Guy Fawkes. There is only one other signature of this conspirator in existence, and the value of this document is estimated at anything up to £10,000.

A Gift From the King.

The King has given to the Isle of Man the crown property consisting of Castle Rushen, Peel Castle, and Tynwald fair ground. Peel Castle is famous for St. Germain's Cathedral, its Round Tower and St. Patrick's Church. In medieval times the castle was used as a place of exile for state prisoners.

Placed In Britain.

Big orders from Chile for submarines and airplanes, are being fulfilled by firms in England.

Canada Will Do Her Share.

It is announced by Dr. J. H. Grisdale, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, that in response to an invitation by the Imperial Agricultural Research Conference in London, Canada has decided to take her part in the maintenance of the three Imperial bureaux to be established for the furtherance of agricultural research, with particular attention to soil science, animal nutrition and animal health. These bureaux, which will be established in Great Britain, will cost altogether about $100,000 per annum, the charges to be split between the member Governments.

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MAKING IRELAND OVER

Free State's Electricity Scheme Will Transform Emerald Isle into a Great Industrial Nation.

"Ould Ireland" is now due to get a first instalment of the good things promised as a result of the Free State's ambitious large-scale electricity scheme.

In a few years' time, if all goes according to plan, the Emerald Isle will have been transformed and Ireland will be well on the way to becoming a great industrial nation, says an article in Answers.

For some time work has been proceeding on the Shannon power scheme, under which Ireland's mighty river is being harnessed to supply hydro-electric power to the whole country. In connection with this, Ireland is being covered by a network of overhead cables, while transforming stations, rather like chapels in appearance, are being built to connect with local distribution systems.

Almost immediately the new cables now crossing Leinster, the province which includes Dublin and Waterford, are to be used for distributing electricity. For a year the current will be supplied from the old powerhouse in Dublin, but after that it will come from the great new hydro-electric station at Ardnacrusha, on the Shannon. The use of the new cables meantime is in the nature of an experiment, from which the Free State authorities hope to gain valuable lessons.

During the experimental period charges may be greater than when the main scheme comes into force. It is intended that the cost of lighting a five-roomed house all through the year will be two shillings to half-a-crown a week, including current for an electric iron or vacuum cleaner and payment on the instalment system for wiring.

But the major aspect of the scheme is industrial. It is hoped that the electrifying of the Irish countryside will encourage the setting up of new industries and that farmers will use power for agriculture.

The Shannon scheme gives our engineers their first chance," said the Free State Minister for Industry and Commerce the other day. "If it stops mostly at the Shannon scheme, we shall not have gone very far. What we want, and what we hope to get, is the big industrial development that will follow."

A sum of £5,000,000 has already been spent on the scheme, and 5,000 men are being employed on it at present. The work is done in shifts, and goes on ceaselessly throughout the twenty-four hours.

Lough Derg is being used as a reservoir, being kept at high level by a weir and banks built on both sides of the Shannon. Lower down the river, where it makes a crescent bend, the water is to be diverted into an eight-miles canal and led to Ardnacrusha, where it will feed the great dynamos and then rejoin the natural course of the Shannon just above Limerick.

So far, the canal is only a great dry trench, where scooping machines that take a ton of earth at a "mouthful" are still at work. At the same time, a 250-ton embanking machine, the only one of its kind in the world, is building up the banks.

At Ardnacrusha you can already see great walls, like those of a giant's castle, pierced by the apertures that are to serve the dynamos. Three new bridges, one already in use for traffic, span the canal. The ferro-concrete building which is to divert the water of the Shannon into the canal is nearing completion. A feature here is a "fish ladder," which, it is hoped, will enable the salmon to proceed to the higher reaches of the river and the loughs.

What will be the result of all these ambitious projects, of which the Shannon scheme is the beginning? Only a very brave prophet would risk a definite answer at this stage, says the writer. At present the population of the Irish Free State is only just over 3,000,000, and unless the use of electricity for domestic purposes can be very greatly extended, and there is a great expansion of industry, it is difficult to see how this large-scale electrification scheme is going to pay. But this much is certain—if it does pay, Ireland is going to be a very different place from what it is to-day.

A CURIOUS FISH.

Giant Ray Keeps Close to the Sea Bottom—Lives on Molluscs.

Among the most curious of the dwellers in the sea is the great fish known as the giant ray. He is found in the warmer waters of the globe as a rule—in the Mediterranean Sea, the Indian Ocean or the sub-tropical Atlantic and Pacific, though there is one species that does not find the North Atlantic too cold for him, and is sometimes caught off the coast of Norway.

The giant ray, like all his brethren, is a ground fish. He keeps close to the sea bo toms and lives largely on various kinds of molluscs and other shellfish, so he is equipped with some very large and flat molar teeth with which he crushes the skulls of his prey. Some of these fish are said to grow to a weight of more than half a ton, and are fifteen feet both in length and width.

One variety of ray is the torpedo which has the strange power of creating an electric current within its body powerful enough to stun or kill the smaller fish on which it feeds, and temporarily paralyze the arm of a man.

Teach Canaries to Sing.

Canary farming is one of the chief industries of the little town of Crevillente in Spain. One whole estate is dedicated to the rearing of canaries. These little birds were first imported to Spain from the Canary Islands in 1778, and are now found in the district of rich and poor alike. In Crevillente they are reared by the thousand in special cages for export to all parts of Spain.

The original owner of the estate reared thousands every year, subjecting them to a special form of singing education.

The newly-hatched canaries were shut in dark rooms where they listened to music played on special machines for the purpose of teaching them to make trills and arpeggios.

This man built his industry up to gigantic proportions, and spent his entire life in the study of these birds.

First Swedish Postal Office.

There was a post office in Stockholm as long ago as 1262, it appears from a document found by a Swedish archivist in the papal archives in Rome, says the Washington Star. The document is a letter from the pope to the Swedish regent, Birger Jarl, who founded Stockholm as the capital of Sweden.

The letter conferred the papal blessing on Birger Jarl for his enterprise in establishing a post office at Stockholm, whence letters were to be carried by wandering monks to Rome and other places. The Swedish postal depar ment thus can look back on a history of 650 years.

FORGERPROOF

New Bank of England Notes Have "Security Tints."

Details of the new Bank of England £1 and 10s. notes now being printed in millions for early circulation, are being preserved as close secrets.

It is known, however, that they have been designed to make forgery almost impossible.

In this the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has followed the example of the Scottish banks, whose notes, specially designed with complicated patterns and "security tints," have long been the despair of forgers.

The average Scottish bank note—when it is clean enough to be seen and appreciated—is usually a masterpiece of the designer's art and a guide to heraldry and Scottish scenery as well. The combined effect, indeed, is like an illuminated address.

No wonder Scotsmen are supposed to be reluctant to part with these treasures. It is like losing a favorite work of art.

Here is the art gallery provided by the National Bank of Scotland on their £1 notes:

Illustrations of Princess street, Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh Castle, Shipping on the Clyde.

Portrait of a former governor of the bank, the Marquis of Lothian.

Two coats of arms.

Complicated scrollwork design in several colors.

A couple of signatures.

Some miscellaneous information.

As a final forger's despair there is a background consisting of myriads of minia ure "one pounds" totalling some thousands on each note.

Some people have the idea that this thousand-fold repetition of "one pound" is meant to remind Scotsmen that the value of the note is. Unnecessary.

It is there to baffle the forger.

Despite the fact that they are such works of art, Scotch bank notes have an uncertain and suspicious welcome when they come south of the Border.

Mostly they are viewed with grave doubt in London and refused altogether; others accept them subject to a discount of a penny or so, and almost the only places where they are accepted at their face value are the big stores and the southern terminii, whence they can easily be sent back to their native land.

There has never been any reasonable explanation of why the Londoner the discount should sometimes be as much as 6d. in the £1.

EX-CONVICT'S LUCK

Struck Several Financial and Industrial Gold Mines In France—Is Now a Millionaire.

The sensational romance of a convict who left the Berlin prison of Plotzensee about a year ago without a penny and has in twelve months become one of the leading figures of French finance, is revealed here, says a Berlin despatch.

It is announced that Michael Holzmann, who for his shares in the Kutiker finance scandal was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, is trying in every way possible to obtain permission to return to Germany. He has instructed Dr. Fuchs, his Berlin lawyer, to remand a retrial of his case.

When Holzmann walked out of the gates of Ploetzensee Prison at the beginning of last year he was faced with starvation. The only asset remaining of his of the fortune he had amassed during the German inflation period was a solitary typewriter. This he pawned, and with the proceeds took a third-class ticket to Paris, where he still had a few faithful friends.

He became acquainted with Baron Joachim von Bethmann-Hollweg, a nephew of the former German Chancellor and the stepson of Herr von Schubert, the German permanent secretary for foreign affairs.

Baron Bethmann-Hollweg had sufficient faith in the financial genius of this remarkable man to entrust him to carry out certain financial negotiations on his behalf. These transactions were the beginning of Holzmann's rapid ascent to undreamed-of pinnacles of financial power.

A young and unknown inventor sold to him the rights of a revolutionary method of refining coarse oils to render them fit for use in motor cars and machinery.

Holzmann, after receiving optimistic reports on the process from a German expert, founded an oil factory which at once proved a great success. He was able with the vast profits of this enterprise to acquire a French bank for 7,500,000 francs.

His uncanny genius again made for him a fortune within a few weeks, so that he was able to purchase a partnership in a French motor car factory and interests in a number of petrol refineries in France and Italy. He also purchased an estate on the French Riviera, near Cannes, where he has started rose growing on a vast scale for the supply of European flower and perfume markets.

His latest coup has been to buy up a fashionable wa ering place with four first-class hotels, a theatre, and a complex of luxurious thermal baths.

This penniless ex-convict financier in the space of a little more than twelve months has thus built up a fortune which even at a conservative estimate is reckoned to amount to more than 120 million francs, or ($5,000,000).

He owns a palace in the Bois de Boulogne, opposite the residence of M. Poincare, and has in addition to an army of servants a fleet of motor cars for his use and that of his secretaries.

COLD INVENTICITY

British Invention Opens Revolutionary Prospects — Machine Will Magnify Electrical Power.

Experts of the General Electric Metropolitan Vickers and o her companies are investigating the merits of what is claimed to be a remarkable discovery by William Harrison, an inventor in the Ashton-under-Lyne district, who, after seventeen years of research, is reported to have devised a machine which magnifies electrical power.

Thomas Wood, a S. C. Helens councillor, who is the provider of the financial backing to enable Mr. Harrison to bring his invention to completion, declared to a Christian Science Monitor representative that: "The machine," which has been patented but as yet is unnamed, "will revolutionize all methods of power production." Describing the invention briefly, he said, it consists of a new core for light and power. Mr. Wood said: "The machine through which the current passes is encased in a plain wooden box, six inches each way. So long as we can maintain a vacuum, we can magnify the unit of generated power nearly at will. One of the greatest troubles has been to get this vacuum in cylindrical form, so that it would be permanent. This has now been accomplished.

"If we said we had gained perpetual motion, we should not be believed," continued Mr. Wood. "You may call it perpetual power if you like, and yet that is perhaps inaccurate as after a time there would have to be renewals. You can say, however, that it is 99 per cent. perpetual power. When we made a thorough test an electric lamp in the room denoted that we were working at half an ampere, and when the device was put into operation, six other lamps were lighted without the pointer moving, and others could have been added. Trams, motors, trains and ships could be run electrically at low cost. All they would require would be to produce a certain amount of power and the amplifier would do the rest.

"The idea of the invention is that while it is giving of power, it is also restoring energy. It will mean that manufacturers will no longer be dependent on large generating stations for their power supplies and that domestic users will be able to illuminate their dwellings by the aid of small low-tension accumulators."

Approached for his views on the question of Mr. Harrison's invention, an official of the research department of Metropolitan Vickers, Trafford Park, Manchester, said: "The only conceivable way of amplifying electricity is by some method of producing 'cold' electric light. At present something like 80 per cent. of energy in electricity is lost in heat. If the loss thus occasioned could be prevented and the whole of the energy devoted to making 'cold' light, then startling results would be achieved."

A member of the research staff of Messrs. Ferrantis Ltd., Oldham, one of the biggest electrical firms in England, said: "If the claim that is made can be substantiated, even in a small degree, then the results will be simply unimaginable and revolutionary."

Airplanes Are Taking a Strong Hold on China.

China, if the signs are read aright, is about to "Jump" the automobile age and pass direct from the bullock cart and railroad to the airplane and all that it embraces, says the Christian Science Monitor. That is not to say that motor manufacturers may not find a lucrative field in the eighteen provinces which comprise China proper, for the automobile is making inroads there, but it is almost certain that before the motor vehicle has become to the east what it has become to the west, aviation will have found acceptance as a common means of conveyance.

It has gained a great impetus from the demand for speedier transportation, and has even now proved its value in linking up distant cities. "Already we have an air mail line," says Huang Tien Lai, a Chinese aviator, who is touring the United States with the object of studying modern aviation methods and the building of suitably placed landing fields. "One from Shanghai to Nanking. Another from Shanghai to Canton. Still another from Shanghai to Hankow. But we must have passenger lines. We must have more of understanding among ourselves."

By airplane, Mr. Huang hopes to bring the people of the north and south closer to each other. When it is remembered that China proper covers an area of 1,500,000 square miles, and that its population of over 300,000,000 constitutes almost one-fifth of that of the whole world, the importance of aviation is at once apparent. It is still more striking if the outlying provinces of Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Chinese Turkestan are taken into consideration, for these increase the area to 2,500,000 square miles. How to knit the outlying regions together has always been a problem for the Far East. China finds a solution in the rapid development of the airplane.

MONKEY AND PICKANINNY VIE

NO—the little figure is not an effigy of Pan playing his pipes to inveigle the wood-nymphs; it is a young monkey who consented to pose for the official photographer on the Canadian Pacific cruise to South America and Africa last year. The camera-man, somewhat irreverently, titled his picture, "Boy, page Mr. Darwin."

Monkeys, frightfully dressed Zulu rickshs boys, frightfully undressed Zulu belles and completely undressed pickaninnies vie with the rushing, roaring Victoria Falls; with Pao de-Asaucar—more familiarly known as the "Sugar Loaf"—from which a marvellous view of Rio de Janeiro is obtained; with the tomb of Cecil Rhodes, mighty Empire-builder from which, carved in the living granite of a huge boulder topped with a bronze slab the spirit of the founder of Rhodesia can survey his handiwork; and the strangest sights, sounds and smells of the bazaars of Port Said and the majesty of Vesuvius frowning on the fatefu city of Pompeii formed the gamut of the life despite the ever-present menace of the world's most famous volcano for passengers in the memory of the voyagers when they sit back in their easy chairs at the end of the voyage.

Wherever the "Duchess of Atholl" calls her passengers will see new sights, their ears will meet strange sounds and they will gather impressions that will endure of many of the different races and countries of which this world consists.

And when it is considered that the cruise, starting from London on January 22nd, 1929, will visit Jamaica, Trinidad, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, South Africa, Tanganyika, East Africa, Kenya, the Sudan, Egypt, Italy, Monaco, France, Gibraltar and England, the sights depicted above are not really needed to indicate the "infinite variety" of this "cruise of contrasts."

The visit of the R.M.S. "Duchess of Atholl" during the three months of the cruise will provide an opportunity for citizens of ports in these various countries to see the new 20,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner—and to realize the strides the great Dominion is making. The ship is equipped with an individually controlled ventilation system that makes it ideal for tropical climates.

In Five MILLION HOMES TONIGHT

There are times when all a mother's love can't soothe a fretful baby. No way of telling just what's wrong, yet something must be done. Castoria time! A few drops, and Baby has dropped off to sleep. Yet this marvelous means of quieting a restless infant is utterly harmless. There is not one ingredient but what all doctors know and approve, and would let you give your baby every day in the week. In fact, Castoria is a purely vegetable product. Gas pains, constipation, even diarrhea can be dispelled in this same manner. Castoria is older than you are—many physicians still say "nothing better for babies." An old-fashioned remedy if you count its years, but parents are old-fashioned who still raise babies without its aid! And at least five million modern mothers keep it handy day and night, for twenty-five million bottles were bought last year! Buy yours now; don't wait until you need it.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

CURIOUS CHURCHES.

Mohammedan Mosque to Be Built in Central London.

A new Mohammedan mosque to be built in Central London, from whose minaret the muezzin's five daily calls to prayer will soon mingle with London traffic noises, will have the company of several other curious British churches.

There are already mosques at Southfields and Woking. But they have become too small, and this one, with its arcades, fountain, domes, minarets, and room for 1,000 worshippers, will surpass both.

Eight miles from Minehead, at Culbone, stands England's tiniest church, measuring only 30 feet in length and 12 feet in width. It is situated on a hillside near Porlock. Its parish is on a similar scale, boasting but thirty people, while two houses make up the entire village. The only usual church feature lacking is a pulpit. Apparently there's no room for one. The smallest church in Wales, at Glyn-Cywog in the Aber Valley, is even smaller, being but 24 feet 6 inches long by 15 feet 6 inches wide.

Another curious church was made about eight years ago from a disused waiting-room at Denmark Hill railway station, South London. Inside it are seven steps leading up to a white altar in one corner. The place is used by a sect of Spiritualists, presided over by a woman priest. Marriages, funerals, baptisms as well as ordinary services, are celebrated.

Jig-Saw Puzzle Parish.

The administration of the parish of Bentley, on the main road from Walsall to Wolverhampton, resembles a jig-saw puzzle.

Although Bentley is in the Walsall Rural Council area, says an Old Country paper, it belongs to the Cannock Parliamentary Division. In police cases go to Willenhall. It belongs to the Walsall postal district, but is in the Dorlaston telephone area.

It gets gas from Willenhall, water from Wolverhampton, and electricity from Coker Hill miles away.

If a dead body is found in the corner has to journey from Bentley Hall to Walsall on inquest and when a prisoner dies the funeral goes to the neighboring parish of Short Heath, although there is a cemetery within the Bentley district. But there belongs to Willenhall. Furthermore Bentley has no public-houses, no church, and no chapel.

Why They Cannot Read.

Word-blindness, the inability to learn to read and spell, was arising, although to be one of feeble-mindedness, but now it is suggested that the causes may be traced to defective development in the temporal lobe of the brain.

It is said that the destruction of one brain hemisphere may bring about the loss of associative function, but a record would be left on the cells of the inactive side which would form a mirrored pattern. This may explain why some children cannot tell the difference between "p" and "q" and "d" and "b," and reversible words like "was" and "saw."

In England, one out of 2,000 children is said to be affected by wordblindness.

The Largest Bronze Statue.

The largest bronze statue in the world is the winged statue of Victory, near Turin, 80 feet in height.

STRANGE BIRD BUILDS.

African Stork Builds a Three-Roomed Tenement.

A three-roomed tenement is built by the hammer-headed stork for the housing of himself and family. He is a native of Africa and in his construction work utilizes enormous sticks which he fixes between the branches of a tree. Any ordinary boy could creep into the lowest compartment. From this a passage leads up to another flat decorated with bright pebbles and bleached bones. Above this is the nursery, the walls of which are lined with mud to keep out draughts.

A curious nest is the one the swiftest builds in Borneo, and which is known to commerce as the edible nest of the Chinese gourmet. The bird builds in caverns around the coasts, and nes seekers go with torches and tear them down and export them. It is said that edible nests to the value of $1,500,000 are imported into China every year. The nest is woven from a secretion the bird produces—hence its for'd value.

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AFTER CHRISTMAS CLEARANCE SALE

Sat., Dec. 29, at 9 o'Clock Sharp!

A remarkable one-day attraction featuring splendid reductions on smart wearables. Months of winter still ahead and you can invest that Christmas cheque to advantage in a fresh, New Year's outfit. C. D. S. reduced prices are doubly interesting and the savings represent worth-while economies. Come early Saturday! You will profit considerably!

50 Fur-Trimmed Winter Coats

Sizes for Women and Misses

Regularly Sold at 15.75 and 19.75

13.50

The sharp reduction on these coats offer an opportunity to effect an amazing stroke of thrift. Coats that are warm and modelled on prevailing lines of smartness.....all-wool duvetynes or velours finished with big, luxurious collars and deep cuffs of opossum, mandels (Chinese goat), or Thibetine (European lamb). Colors are brown, slate blue, wine, grey, and black. An extensive selection.....but the price is so attractive we advise morning shopping. Clearance Special, each..... **13.50**

50 Crepe Back Satin Dresses Special Each

Regularly 13.50 and 13.75

9.95

The dress you wanted to finish out the season with at a startlingly low price. Developed with cleverness from a closely woven crepe satin.....styled to meet the demands of most figures in sizes 16 to 47½. Trimmings are very effective and include flares, pleats, jabots, etc. Shades include wine, sand, beige, blues, browns, navy and black. An inspection proves their remarkable merit. Come early Saturday. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **9.95**

A Remarkable Opportunity — 25 Smart Evening Dresses

22.50

Dance smartly into the New Year in one of these adorable evening frocks evolved on exquisitely chic lines from rich fabrics such as moire, transparent velvet, crepe back satin or materials of fairy lightness.....tulle, net, diaphanous chiffon, etc. Such style distinctions as dipped hemlines, hooped effect, etc. Lovely tones in white and pastel tints. Sizes 16 to 38. Reduced from 29.50 to 35.00 for a magnificent Clearance Special, Saturday, each.....

Women's Wool Pullovers

Sweaters for outdoor wear, skating or skiing....warm and heavy, knit from all wool yarns, in shades of rose, tan, grey, and blue. Popular pullover style. Sizes 34 to 40. Reg. 5.95. Clearance Sale Special, Saturday each..... **4.95**

Women's Beacon Kimonas

A worth while saving here in this fine offering! Splendid kimonas of soft, cosy beacon cloths, warm and comfortable, with shawl collar, trimmed with pockets, silk cord edging and silk cord girdle. Sizes 34 to 44. Regular 5.95. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **4.95**

Women's Lined Kid Gloves

Lovely gloves at such small prices! Of fine kid and mocha, with warm wool lining, some with fur cuffs, some dome wrist style and pull-ons. In grey, brown and tan shades. Sizes 6 to 7½. Reg. 1.69 to 2.75. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **1.00 to 2.25**

Women's French Kid Gloves

Imported from France! To clear at big reductions! Of fine kid with fancy embroidered cuff and embroidered points. In shades of beige with green, red with brown, and grey with blue. Broken sizes. Regular 2.75. Clearance Sale Special, pair..... **1.95**

Women's Boudoir Slippers

Sensational offering—come early for it! A clearance of broken lines and depleted sizes. Cosy slippers for wear at home, various styles and materials—a style for every choice. All sizes in the lot, but not in each line. Clearance Sale Special, pair..... **98c.**

Women's Heavy Quality Slips

Anticipate future needs and buy at this low saving price! Made of heavy quality sateen and broadcloth, built up shoulder or opera top style, with box pleats for fullness. Shades of sand, navy, and black. Regular 98c. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **69c.**

Children's Fleece Lined Waists

Warm underwear for the kiddies! Buy at generous savings! Fleece lined waists with buttons for attaching undergarments. In white and natural shades. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Reg. 45c. Clearace Sale Special, each..... **29c.**

Children's Fleece Lined Sleepers

Comfortable garments for the kiddies at attractive sale prices! Softly fleece lined, buttoning at back, drop seat and finished with one pocket. All white. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Reg. 98c. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **69c.**

Leatherette Shopping Bags

Handy utility bags with stout leatherette covering in glossy black finish, well made with strap handles, protected bottom and inside lining. Good size. Reg. 49c. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **35c.**

Straw Shopping Bags

Novelty bags, very attractive and unique, reduced to clear. Very handy for shopping. Woven with colored borders, medium size with two strong handles. Reg. 29c. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **15c.**

Boxed Towel Sets

A saving item of interest to every thrifty housewife. Attractive boxed sets consisting of one turkish towel and two face cloths, in white with borders in shades of mauve, pink, gold and blue. Good generous sized towels, thickly napped. Reg. 79c. Clearance Sale Special, set..... **59c.**

Embroidered Huck Towels

The housewife never has too many and welcomes a saving opportunity like this. White huck towels neatly embroidered in attractive pattern. In shades of pink, blue, and mixtures of green, brown and tan. Size 16 x 30 inches. Reg. 1.19. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **79c.**

Embroidered Towel Sets

Lovely sets at desirable saving—consists of one large turkish towel and one face cloth. In white with embroidered patterns in pink, blue and combination shades of pink, blue and green. Reg. 1.29. Clearance Sale Special, set..... **89c.**

Turkish Towel Sets

Fancy Turkish towel sets consisting of one large towel and face cloth to match—very soft and absorbent quality. In rose or blue ground with embroidered patterns in shades of rose, blue and green. Reg. 1.49. Clearance Sale, set.... **98c.**

Children's Flannelette Pyjamas

Mothers, take advantage of this special clearance! Warm, heavy quality pyjams of soft fleecy flannelette, coat is trimmed with self bands and pockets. In colors of mauve, tan, blue, pink and peach. Sizes 34 to 40. Regular 1.69. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **1.39**

Children's House Slippers

A clearance of broken ranges and odd lots left from Christmas selling—all reduced for quick clearance. In the lot are slippers in blue, fawn, red and wine. Several styles and materials to choose from. Sizes in the lot 8 to 2. Clearance Sale Special, pair..... **69c.**

Greet the New Year Smartly

The man whose New Year resolution is a resolve to let the C.D.S. be his clothier is preparing to appreciate the economies of "Cash-dealing" and the excellent value and style correctness which is easily apparent in C.D.S. clothing and furnishings. And the man who buys his New Year's outfit Saturday will have no difficulty in keeping THAT resolution!

Saturday Special!

Men's Tweed and Worsted Suits

Regular 15.00

12.50

Men, don't miss this opportunity! It's an outstanding one—seldom offered. Excellent quality suits taken from regular stock and lowered to clear. They are smartly tailored from good looking tweeds and worsteds, with care paid to the details of construction, in single breasted models—a few double breasted in a choice of attractive medium and light shades. Sizes 36 to 40. Reg. 15.00. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **12.50**

Winter is Just Commencing

Men's Burly Warm Overcoats

Regular 19.50

15.00

Secure a new coat Saturday to finish out the season and for next year! The savings are worth-while! Warm, good looking models, of thick napped freize and tweeds. Full double breasted ulsters with half belt, one of the season's smartest. In grey and fancy plaid patterns. Odd sizes taken from regular stock and reduced to clear.—in the lot are 36 to 46 sizes. Reg. 19.50. Clearance Sale Special, each **15.00**

Furnishings Specials

Fine Hose, Special, 79c.

Imported from England—heavy quality, all wool hose with strong toe and heel, in an attractive variety of fancy patterns to choose from. Sizes 10-11. Reg. 1.00. Clearance Sale, pr. **79c.**

Men's Shirts

Fine quality shirts at a big saving! Cut from high grade broadcloths and piques with two collars to match, soft double cuffs and coat style. In white with fancy striped patterns. Sizes 14 to 16½. Clearance Sale Special, each..... **1.95**

Handkerchiefs

Men, this is an opportunity to secure a good supply for little cost. Made from good weight lawn, in plain white, generous size, neatly hemstitched. Reg. 2.00 doz. Clearance Sale Special, doz..... **1.50**

Youths' Rubbers, 85c.

Sturdy black rubbers with thick rolled edge soles of red rubber—insuring good wear and warm, dry feet. Sizes 11, 12 and 13. Reduced to clear, Saturday, pair..... **85c.**

Women's Overshoes, 2.50

In the popular mottled brown shade, of fine quality cashmerette with thick rubber soles. Side fastening models, all first quality new season's merchandise. Sizes 3 to 7½. Pair..... **2.50**

Women's Braemore Shoes

Popular priced models, representing the newest in smart style, good quality leathers and comfortable fit. In the ever popular wide strap and buckle styles. The short vamp is a feature. In black and brown kid and pat. leather. Sizes 3 to 8, pr. **4.00**

Specials in Toiletries

Houbigant's Face Powder, box **79c.**
Dagget and Ramsdell's Cold Cream, reg. 35c., for **29c.**
Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream, special **37c.**
Glycerine and Rose Water, special **33c.**
Listerine, 14 oz., **69c.**
Djer Kiss Combination Face Powder and Perfume, special **40c.**

Candy Specials

Rock Candy, sale price, **lb. 19c.**
Licorice, all sorts, sale price, **lb. 20c.**
Rosedale Chocolates, sale price, **lb. 25c.**
Fruit Drops, sale price, **lb. 25c.**

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